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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

JULY 1969

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Onward, Christian Spacemen
Retirement: A Time to Enjoy
Crisis in Catholic Schools

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time melodrama in a church park [see page 30]



Acceptance

◆ Let me accept with joy these gifts
Spilled over from the lap of June:
A meadow white with daisies' snow,
An orchard sweet with bluebird's tune.

Green woodland fastnesses, whose paths
Are arched with branches' lovely lace
And offer all who walk this way
The silence of a holy place.

Small gardens neat with hedges, bright
With beds of blossoms and astir
With butterflies and bees. Cool dusk—
Soft-stepping, robed in lavender.

Still ponds with waters clear and deep
That mirror heaven's clouds above...
Let me accept with joy these gifts
That speak so clearly of His love!

—Marie Daerr



A forest omphitheater, circled by the cothedralike spires of fir and cedar trees, provides a stage for an old-time melodrama at a United Methodist Church campsite near Fall City, Wash. For the full story and color pictures, turn to page 30.

TOGETHER JULY 1969

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Mission: Engagement With the Community

Located in the heart of the largest black neighborhood of Memphis, Centenary Church carries out a distinctive, far-reaching ministry of service.

Text by Newman Cryer / Pictures by George P. Miller



Two years ago, Centenary United Methodist Church celebrated its first century in Memphis. Organized by northern white missionaries, this congregation recently moved into its present building (above), formerly occupied by white Methodists. Worship is a special interest of Pastor James M. Lawson, Jr., who feels that Negroes have much to contribute in this area. On Palm Sunday he greets parents of a child about to be baptized (near right). A washtub serves as a baptistry (far right) for infants whose parents chose the immersion form of Baptism.



IT WAS during the Memphis sanitation workers' strike in the spring of 1968, not long before the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr., aggravated the already considerable tensions in that city, when a small group of men—some white, some black—sat down together for a historic first meeting.

For all the participants, the dynamics were unusual. The whites were businessmen, life-long residents of Memphis and friends of the mayor, who had become deeply concerned about the city's future. They listened while the black leaders talked—quietly but in specific and earnest terms—about the causes of racial unrest in Memphis. It was the first time in the memory of the black men that a group of whites had come to them without bringing solutions, threats, or appeals to patience. Mostly the businessmen just listened—and they seemed to hear and understand.

That meeting, the first of several for the group, took place in the choir room of Centenary United Methodist Church, a predominantly black congregation. The fact that this was not accidental, and that the pastor, James M. Lawson, Jr., was one of the black participants, is symbolic of Centenary's concept of its mission and its deep involvement in the hard problems facing its constituents and their community.

"We have had a church all along, but in years past everything we did was behind our stained-glass windows," says Autry Parker, the lay leader. "Now we can see outside; we can see what our Christian response ought to be in the community."

Members of Centenary have walked with striking garbage collectors, supported rent strikers, and participated in the disciplined memorial march for Martin Luther King on the first anniversary of his assassination. Many

of them are deeply involved in political, civic, and community-development activities.

Centenary's enlarged engagement in community action is largely a result of the six-year pastorate of James Lawson. Local observers say that he, as much as any other Negro leader in Memphis, has helped shape racial developments of the past two years.

The son of a retired Ohio United Methodist minister, Mr. Lawson's credentials include service as an officer of the National Conference of Methodist Youth while he was a student at Baldwin-Wallace College in Ohio, spending 13 months in prison for nonco-operation with the draft, and a term of missionary service in Nagpur, India. He is remembered around Nashville where, as a divinity student at Vanderbilt University in 1959, he helped organize lunch-counter sit-ins in downtown stores and subsequently was expelled from the university. Since then he has traveled overseas for the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

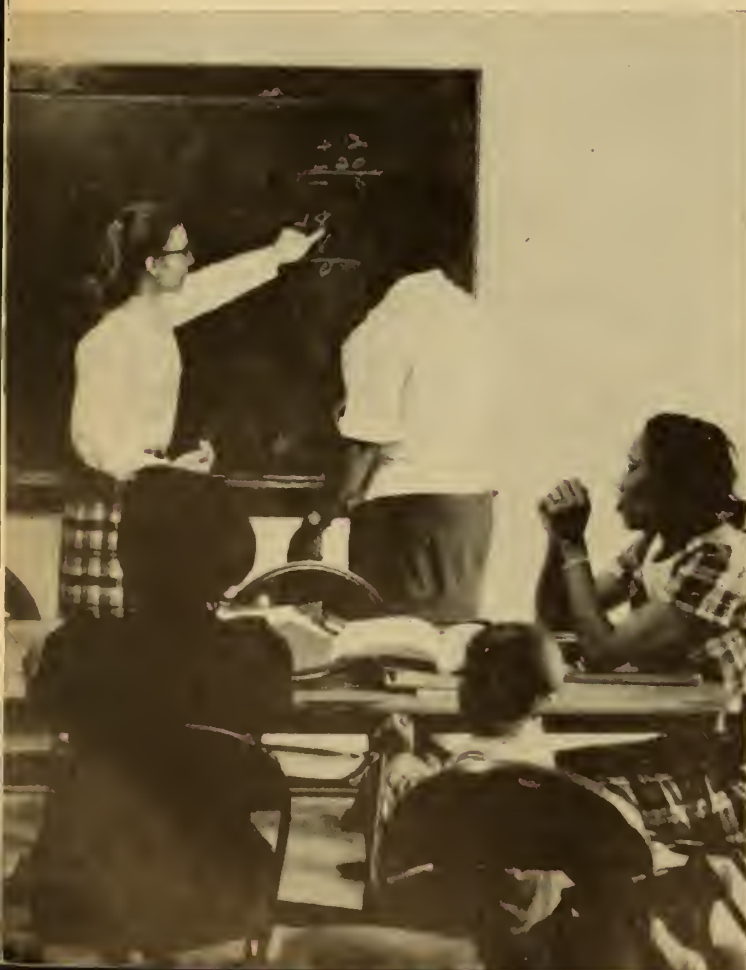
Mr. Lawson is known nationally in United Methodism as chairman of Black Methodists for Church Renewal and as a member-at-large of the new Commission on Religion and Race. From time to time he has served as a consultant to the staff of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Currently in Memphis he is chairman of the policy-making group of the Committee on the Move for Equality, formed by black ministers during the sanitation strike when the city's black community solidified for the first time.

Today, at 40, Mr. Lawson says he is committed to the pastorate. "I guess the chief reason I like the local church is that, in it, a man constantly has to stretch himself. Here at Centenary I've found tremendous excitement in being called upon to stand with the guy in jail





During a play period at Centenary's Head Start day-care center, four-year-old preschoolers (above) enact a song about a frog jumping off a lily pad. The children get breakfast, a hot lunch, and an afternoon snack. In one of the several classes for adults studying to get their high-school diplomas (below), Mrs. Angelo Margaris illustrates the use of negative numbers.



as well as with the man who runs for public office. I am excited about the fact that the local church is grass roots, the fact that it is in the city, and the fact that it is committed essentially to helping men see the gospel of freedom in concrete terms."

Centenary Church, 102 years old this year, was organized soon after the Battle of Appomattox by white missionaries from the Methodist Episcopal Church. These same missionaries helped to organize St. Andrews African Methodist Episcopal Church and the first school for freed Negroes in Memphis.

Centenary has operated in three previous locations in the black community, moving each time according to growth and new needs of the congregation. The last move was in December, 1967, from a 50-year-old building which the church still owns on Mississippi Boulevard to its present location in a former white Methodist church.

During the past six years, the congregation has grown

from about 600 to more than 750 members. The newer facilities give the church nearly one third more space for educational programs, off-street parking, and land for future growth. These facilities, church officials estimate, could accommodate double the present membership.

In its present location, Centenary Church is near the hub of the largest pocket of poverty in Tennessee's Shelby County. More than 8,000 families, mostly black, have an annual income under the \$3,000 poverty level recognized by the federal government. Traditionally, in the middle South, black neighborhoods and white neighborhoods have been somewhat interlaced. Now the pattern is changing to that of most northern cities, and South Memphis is becoming increasingly ghettoized as the Negro population expands there.

It would have been possible for this congregation to have moved out to a middle-class, suburban Negro neighborhood. But a study committee of laymen decided not to flee the inner city. Centenary will stay there to minister alongside the larger congregations of the predominately black denominations.

Centenary leaders see their congregation's varied membership as one of its important strengths. Many members live right in the neighborhood, which is changing from old run-down houses to new apartments, but others commute from as far away as 15 miles. A few members are among the city's top black business and professional leaders; others are on public welfare. In between are teachers, lawyers, and other well-educated professionals as well as some persons who are functionally illiterate. One white family recently joined the church. Centenary tries to minister to them all.

"Engagement" is one of the pastor's favorite words, and it verbalizes the church's effort to take its ministry outside its own cozy walls. On weekdays, a Head Start center is operated in its classrooms for 30 preschool children of mothers who work or study. The children receive three meals a day prepared in Centenary's kitchen. The center revives an interest this church had 40 years ago when it pioneered in day care.

Classes are conducted in Centenary's facilities for adults seeking high-school certificates under the federally sponsored General Equivalency Diploma test program. At one time seven morning and evening classes were going on with a total enrollment of nearly 100. The teachers are assisted by lay Centenary volunteers.

Mr. Lawson and a few key laymen helped organize the first Citizen's Association for Negroes in Memphis. This led to the development, 2 1/2 years ago, of the Memphis Area Project-South (MAP-South), which is a private nonprofit corporation sustained by federal Office of Economic Opportunity funds through the Memphis War on Poverty committee. Autry Parker, Centenary's lay leader, is director of this community-development program.

Half of the population within the Memphis city limits is black. Working closely with Centenary and other Negro churches, MAP-South has attempted people-involvement as its major strategy. It is helping black people to address problems of health, malnutrition, unemployment, lack of recreation facilities, and others.

Centenary members took the initiative in starting a not-for-profit community corporation called Freedom

Eagles, which borrows federal money to buy and rehabilitate run-down housing. It then acts as agent to sell to low-income families, usually for smaller monthly payments than they were making to rent substandard housing. In its first year, more than 80 houses were renewed, and about 200 families are on the waiting list.

In one of those choir-room meetings at Centenary last fall, a small group of black and white business and community leaders signed a charter application for Memphis Community Leadership Training, Inc. (MCLT). This nonprofit corporation, now housed in the former Centenary church building, has the purpose of erecting bridges of communication and reconciliation between black people and white people of Memphis, helping them to learn to listen to one another.

Until recently, Centenary had a hand in a legal aid service, manned by Negro lawyers, which assisted needy persons in civil cases. Now inactive during reorganization,



The Rev. Ralph W. Kephart (left), director of Memphis Community Leadership Training, discusses a problem with Mr. Lawson, who is one of the founders and a board member of MCLT.

it is hoped that the service can reopen and provide aid in criminal as well as civil cases.

Centenary currently is looking for a community organizer, a clergyman or layman, who will be added to the staff to co-ordinate this church's part in community-action programs. This will relieve the pastor and the church office of much detailed responsibility. The new staff member's assignment will include sparking new ideas for action and training laymen for engagement and community action. He will be a kind of "missioner to urban life."

Lay training is a key ingredient in Centenary's formula for mission, and the pastor sees almost everything in the church's program as contributing to this—worship, preaching, and even the meetings of official groups. Frequently at board or commission meetings, for example, the pastor or a key layman takes a few minutes to lead a discussion about a passage of Scripture, a community

issue, or a facet of the *Discipline*. Concrete issues are discussed, and the board often takes a position which is published in the church newsletter.

Some of the strongest laymen at Centenary are intentionally not tapped for time-consuming church posts so that they can become leaders in community-serving secular organizations. A growing cadre of lay people is acquiring leadership skills inside and outside the church.

As for the church's program itself, worship is a special interest of Mr. Lawson. He feels that black people have much to contribute in this area. "The Methodist tradition permits a wide range of worship experiences," he says. "We ought to be comfortable with the old liturgies but also free to experiment. We should not get into a rut." Frequently he writes words for new liturgies, making use of such contemporary music as the sound track from *Exodus* or songs of the Beatles.

The church's young people like this, and on at least two occasions have conducted the Sunday worship service themselves. In connection with one service they used a Dionne Warwick record album and exhibited pop art all through the church. Another service was turned into a kind of "happening" to make the congregation more aware of such problems as hunger, illiteracy, poverty, and family disintegration.

Mr. Lawson's ministry at Centenary has helped make the church more relevant to the young people. Says Chryl Fanion, a student at Siena College in Memphis and president of the student fellowship at Centenary: "While he is intellectual, he knows just where we are, and he speaks so that we can understand him."

Miss Fanion says young people feel that "the church has been losing its relevance to human needs, to the people who go to bed hungry at night." She and other young people, inspired by their minister, are doing what they can to change that at Centenary. "The UMYF is a place for fellowship, but that is not enough. If something big is happening like a demonstration concerning black people, we go," she says.

Summer camp is an important part of Centenary's ministry to youth. The expenses of about half of the young campers are subsidized by funds raised either by adult groups or the young people themselves, or drawn from the church budget.

The young people intend to start a coffeehouse or youth cabaret in a small separate building which will be a youth center when funds are available to renovate it. Almost 39 percent of all 14 to 16-year-olds in South Memphis are school dropouts who spend most of their time on the streets. A ministry to this group is one of the things in Centenary's future plans, when the old church building is sold and funds are available.

In Centenary's adult program, members of one church-school class have on occasion joined with a similar group from St. Lukes, one of the largest United Methodist churches in Tennessee. Three or four times a year, Centenary's young adults get together with members of the Madison Heights Church for Sunday-evening fellowship and discussion.

For two years, Centenary has held a church-wide school of missions, concentrated in five evenings of one week, dealing with the question, "How can a church become engaged in mission?"

To an outside observer it is soon apparent that the Rev. James Lawson sets the pace for the Centenary congregation. Week by week he hammers at a constant theme: that carrying out the ministry of a church is not a task for its pastor alone, but something all members must share. He wants them to understand their ministry in terms of politics and engagement in community life, and he believes that the sources for this kind of understanding come right out of the Christian gospel.

Members of the church with whom I talked agree that he has given them a new sense of dignity and worth. "He has helped many people to develop potentials they did not know they had," says Mrs. Mollie Fields, a school-teacher and member of the church's council of ministries. Some long-time members of the church do not agree with all of their pastor's ideas, but they think he is right most of the time.

Many people in Memphis are not happy about Mr. Lawson's ministry at any time. He sometimes gets threatening letters and nasty telephone calls, and he has been called a "Communist." This undoubtedly is because he is committed to a kind of direct action which brings black people into confrontation with established forces in the city—the police, city hall, white churchmen.

But he is equally committed to nonviolence. The speaker at this year's brotherhood dinner, where Mr. Lawson received the fifth annual award of the Memphis Catholic Human Relations Council, reminded guests that James Lawson is a moderate whose leadership in the Memphis black community is proof that extremists have not yet taken over the black revolt in America.

His district superintendent in the recently merged Memphis Conference, the Rev. Frank L. McRae, has a very high regard for Mr. Lawson. "He has the ability to deal with a wide cross section of people," the D.S. says. "He is a strategist who has an understanding of what needs to be done and the intellect and dedication to do it. And he has an unusual type of charisma which enables him to lead without seeking the limelight." Or, as one member of Mr. Lawson's church told me, "He has the ability to lead from the rear."

While many white United Methodists in Memphis look with some suspicion on what is happening at Centenary, a growing number of mutually enlightening contacts are now being made in district lay-training schools and through ecumenical groups.

Under its present leadership the church will continue to voice the needs, hopes, and aspirations of the black people of Memphis in a way that its members believe will move toward a new kind of community in which a man will be recognized with dignity, just because he is a man. □



The pastor instructs the youth confirmation class (left), concentrated in the weeks before Easter. Members of the UMYF and their adult counselor (right) make plans for an upcoming program. Also during Lent, adult house-church groups, like the one shown below, meet weekly to study the Sermon on the Mount, the current four-year theme of United Methodism.



The UNDERGROUND Church

ACROSS Christendom, trend-watchers and defenders of the faith have fixed an unblinking eye on a grass-roots church movement which is variously known as the underground, free, and group churches, and experimental communities. Episcopal priest-author Malcolm Boyd christened the phenomenon and described it thus: "The underground is a contemporary Christian revolutionary movement . . . bypassing official church structures and leadership, and concerned with Christian unity and radical involvement in the world (specifically in the black revolution, the peace-liberation movement, and issues connected with the question of poverty)."

Although it has profound and obvi-

ous implications for Protestants, the movement thus far has been largely—though far from entirely—a Roman Catholic one. To learn more about it, TOGETHER's Willmon L. White talked to an insider: Kevin H. Axe, a layman active in an underground group in a Chicago suburb. Professionally, he is an associate editor with *U.S. Catholic and Jubilee*, which he describes as an "approximately liberal" monthly magazine published by the Claretian Fathers in Chicago. Mr. Axe is 28, married, just back from military service in Viet Nam. Before being drafted he spent nine years in seminary studies. We began the interview by asking him:

How many underground groups exist and is the movement growing?

There is really no way to know or to find out, but one observer of the movement estimates there are between 2,000 and 3,000 Catholic groups alone. The highest estimate I've seen is a flat 1 percent of the U.S. Catholic population which would mean about 400,000 people involved. I do know that the movement is spreading at a time when participation in organized religion is declining. Also, it's catching on among the younger age groups. Just in the Chicago area alone, new groups are being formed all the time. And I've not heard of any groups dissolving. Also, I think it's fair to say that the influence of these groups outweighs their numerical strength.

What about ecumenical or inter-faith groups?

There are some, of course, although I'm not too well informed about them. Emmaus House in New York City [see *New Kinds of*





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We do know that little May San needed us. Our housemother gently picked her up and took her inside. May San had a bath and a warm bottle of milk. Dressed in a fresh nightgown she fell asleep in a clean comfortable crib. Yes, May San is safe for now.

Will you help keep her safe?

May San and thousands of others like her need American sponsors to help provide shelter and care. May San will stay at Pine Hill (a new babies' home, built and supported by American contributions) until she is six. Then she will move to a CCF cottage-plan Home

where she will have "brothers" and "sisters" and a cottagemother. But all this depends on her American sponsor.

Will you help? For only \$12 a month you can sponsor a child like May San. You can choose a boy or girl from the countries listed below, or you can allow us to select a child for you from our emergency list.

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Churches, November, 1968, page 40] is one of the best known. I don't believe there are any non-Catholics in my group at present although the question would never be asked because religious backgrounds are not crucial. Underground groups tend to be organized along sectarian lines because the initial motivation is negative—a resistance to the rigid structures and unyielding authority of a particular church or denomination. This is not to say you have rebel consensus, however. On various theological questions, you will find the same differences of belief that would exist among a random group of Christians. Later on, I think, as the motivation becomes somewhat more positive, there will tend to be more ecumenical and inter-faith alignments.

Could we talk a bit about motivation?

Sure. For many, I think, the underground church serves as a kind of halfway house, a point of last resort for people who probably would have otherwise left all forms of organized religion. For these people, it's the underground church or none at all. Father Andrew M. Greeley, one of the first sociologists to identify the movement in its early stages about two or three years ago, says, "It is becoming increasingly clear that the urban parish,

even the most vital and dynamic urban parish, is not likely to be enough for an increasing number of Catholics."

People are deeply disturbed at the gap between what the church says and what it does. They are completely bored with the liturgy, which they feel to be a deadening experience. When I got back from Viet Nam, I was extremely disenchanted with the progress of the changes made in the liturgy and life-style of the parish. My wife and I just don't have the patience to wait for changes that may not come in our lifetimes. We decided to find a community of like-thinking people, or to found one. But I think few in this movement want to see the Roman Catholic Church go under. We're out to reform, not destroy.

How do you define the underground church?

We see it as an alternative form of Christian witness, service, and community—a body of people getting together on a nongeographic basis. My own personal identification is first with the underground group to which I belong. I don't belong to the parish in my area although I attend mass in a parish church fairly regularly to be sure my objections of two years ago hold true. Others in our group identify themselves more closely with the traditional parish and consider our group's activity supplementary. In many ways, the traditional parish is an anachronism unsuited for these times.

For hundreds of years, we have been building churches and cathedrals and arbitrarily saying that everyone within, say five miles or five blocks, will belong to that parish. Well, I work outside my parish and so does my wife; I shop and find my entertainment outside those boundaries; my friends are not limited to that area. Ours is a mobile society and we need structures, including those of the church, which take this into account.

As for a definition of the underground, I think you can consider any church community which is unapproved as underground. Not disapproved, necessarily—for many of the groups simply don't ask for permission to organize—but unapproved.

Because of its diverse nature, it's really easier to talk about what the underground church is *not*.

Would you elaborate?

Let me quote again from Father Greeley. He says: "The new community is not a clique of people who have certain special interests in common; it is not a closed circle which is unconcerned about the rest of society or the rest of the church; it is not a Gnostic group of Illuminati who feel they are superior to the vast majority of Catholics; it is not a revolutionary cell plotting the overthrow of the existing structure; it is not an anticlerical faction which is complaining about the deficiencies of the pastoral clergy; it is not a totalitarian group which demands all the life commitments of its members; it is not a replacement for another kind of activity in the church; it is not an excuse for non-involvement..."

That's a pretty fair outline of what the underground movement is *not*. We don't sit around for hours raging against the well-advertised faults of the institutional church. The overall spirit is very positive—striving to see what it means to be the church ourselves. Also we're not sacrificing babies and blood offerings in deep dark basements, which the term "underground" connotes to some people.

Since the underground parishes are somewhat secret, how does one who wishes to participate find out about them?

Well, of course, they aren't listed in the yellow pages, nor is there a national co-ordinating center to identify these communities. But if you are in touch with young Catholics in the large metropolitan areas, there is little trouble getting information, especially in and around academic centers—even Catholic high schools. Just in the last two weeks, my wife and I have had four inquiries by people who were interested. Just as a footnote, the *National Catholic Reporter* is one newspaper which often runs classified ads from people who are interested in experimental liturgies and life styles. Many young priests know about these groups even if they do not participate.

And this brings up one of the main reasons why groups don't widely advertise themselves—the fear of reprisal from church authorities against more vulnerable members such as priests or nuns; this, along with a natural distaste for open, nonproductive confrontation with Catholic authorities. Priests have been suspended by bishops





for taking part in these communities; some of them have stuck it out, taken secular jobs, and stayed with the groups.

Actually, the term "underground church" is a misnomer and almost any group classified as underground would deny it. These organizations are not secret or exclusive; they're open. I can't think of anyone who would be barred from attending worship with my group.

This raises the question about the official stand of the Roman Catholic Church toward the underground movement.

The reception has been anything but warm. Several groups have received limited approval—the first of these in Oklahoma City under Bishop Reed—but they are placed under restrictions and of course watched with eagle eyes. The U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops met this spring in Houston and rejected a proposal on an experimental basis for what they called the small-group masses or juvenile masses.

Much of Catholic officialdom in this country seems to have a wait-and-see attitude pending the findings of a concilium or commission in Rome which was created to study and implement the decree of the Second Vatican Council on the reform of the liturgy. You can take the documents of Vatican II and, depending on how you choose your texts, you can either totally condemn or condone what we are doing.

In a sense, Vatican II spawned the underground movement: the spirit unleashed there acknowledged that the Church is always in need of reform and that the Holy Spirit is working in different ways among all groups of sincerely believing Christians.

Many people for the first time

are trusting their own ability to use their consciences and brains and Christian impulses for good. Authority is being questioned all over, and you can't ever really separate what is happening in the church from what is happening in society at large. A lot of history and tradition is being broken down. Seldom if ever before has anything like this risen out of the laity with priests also dropping out in large numbers—many of them servicing these communities as celebrants. The old pyramid of hierarchy has been bypassed.

What does Pope Paul VI say about the movement?

In one of his weekly audiences he commented on the divisive character of the experimental groups in this way: "By splitting up the liturgical celebration among various categories of the faithful and even in private, or private associations, [the underground] runs the risk of losing the spirit of catholicity, the unity in the one faith which cements the Church."

In early May, Pope Paul announced publication of a new Roman missal which compiles the revisions of the mass introduced since Vatican II and introduces some new variations. Some, however, view this as a "freezing" of further experimentation in liturgy. This is largely irrelevant to those in the underground. In fact, if every bishop in the country condemned hourly what we are doing, it wouldn't deter most of us. Personally I would like to see our activity approved because I haven't kissed off the institutional church for good, but I don't expect approval anytime soon.

A priest has said, a little cynically, that if the Catholic Church wants to get rid of the underground, all it has to do is approve it, and it'll be gone in two weeks.

What rules or directives do underground groups violate?

Liturgical more than anything else. In no Catholic Church today can a priest say mass without wearing vestments; the priest in our group never wears vestments. He's breaking a rule by having a mass in the living room of a home without permission. Why? Because there's a rule stating you must have permission to have a mass in a home—even a simple birthday mass. When the priest in our group celebrates the Eucharist, he passes

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for the public good.



both consecrated bread and wine among the celebrants. There are two priests in our group—one is a schoolteacher, the other a social worker.

I want to stress that while they have the sacramental ability, they are simply members of the group. We don't treat them as superiors or leaders. I hope the day will come when the establishment will willingly support priests such as these and have them serve experimental communities like ours.

Could you give a word picture of the typical underground group?

In size, they tend to range from 10 to 50 members. If permitted to grow much larger, they become a bit unwieldy both in the confines of the average living room and in terms of developing a sense of community. My own group has about 28 member-couples, some of them with younger children who attend special children's liturgies and daytime functions such as our sunny-Sunday outings.

Many members are newcomers to the diocese so you don't find the psychological back-home ties to traditional structures. They represent seven or eight parishes. Most couples in our group tend to be in their 30s and 40s. My wife and I are one of the youngest couples; the oldest is in their 50s. For the most

part, they are college graduates, professional types, definitely liberal politically, and very concerned about social issues such as peace, racism, and poverty.

Among my own group, half might attend mass in a parish church regularly, but perhaps 90 percent have stopped going to confession to a priest, and very few contribute financially through regular parish channels. We do give our service, by teaching religion classes to Catholic students who attend public schools and the like, but when it comes to money, we'd rather support causes such as Biafran relief, civil rights, and specific poverty projects. It wouldn't make sense to contribute financially to an institution which could be—but isn't—responsive to our needs.

Has the underground given rise to counterpart conservative cells?

Conservative groups have been springing up, but not so much to offset our activity, I think, as to protest the changes and reforms made since Vatican II. They bitterly resent the English mass and, as you would expect, line up on the right end of the political spectrum. One of their leaders is Father Gommar DePauw, who directs the Catholic Traditionalist Movement from his Long Island, N.Y., headquarters. He maintains that we liberals excommunicated ourselves long ago.

Actually, I agree with those who say the all-Latin mass should be reinstated for those who want it. It violates common sense to say it all must be one way or that a group of Italian cardinals can sit down and decide which English text is best suited for American liturgies. The point once again is there should be alternative forms of worship to meet the needs of various people.

What happens in a typical underground church meeting?

My group meets every third Friday evening. We rotate among various members' homes and usually begin with a two or three-hour discussion on a planned topic—racial polarization and prayer and conscience have been the subjects at recent sessions. This sounds pretty tame, I know, but some of these talks get very lively and animated, and experience in group dynamics can be valuable. Afterwards, we have a 20 or 30-minute liturgy . . . a mass. Someone may read from the Scriptures, or maybe even the daily newspaper if it has mean-



ing far the topic of the evening. Then the priest consecrates the bread—real bread, not the traditional thin hosts—and this is passed person to person. Then after a prayer of thanksgiving and a song, maybe we wind up with coffee and rolls.

One of the big pluses of small-group involvement is that you knock down the sacred-secular wall and begin to build true community relationships. You find real Christian joy in these communities and that is a very scarce commodity in our society. For example, every morning I ride the L train to work with 65 people who never speak to each other but just stare off in space. Just being human beings together should be a terrific experience. In the small group, you try to get behind the phony facade of "Hi! How are you? How are the kids?" In the liturgy of confession and reconciliation, people start to really look at themselves and ask, "Are we kidding ourselves when we think we are doing something unselfishly for our neighbors? Are we really sorry for our sins against God and man?"

One danger, as I see it, is hitting a plateau of development after a while. Either you start bickering and start to dissolve, or you must really realize what games you are playing with people—and they with you—then meet them on a personalist level and move forward as a group. There is a danger, too, I think, that the underground movement at large may overorganize and stagnate into just another committee-crazy institution.

What are some of the frequent criticisms leveled against the underground?

For one, Bishop James P. Shanahan of Minneapolis says the underground has siphoned off just those people within the church who are needed to bring about change and reform. He says we are capping out on the toughest job of all and are dangerously close to being dilettantes.

Father Eugene Kennedy, a Maryknoll priest in Chicago, says if we don't turn outward and share what we've been keeping to ourselves, the movement will eventually turn to ashes in our mouths. Many groups doubtless are concerned about this question, but how do you spread the Good News under the present restrictive conditions? Run an ad in the Saturday church page? Wear a button declaring, "I am a

member of the underground church. Ask me questions!"

Another common criticism holds that while it's easy enough to like your friends in the underground group, the real test of Christian love is to love everybody. It's difficult to answer that one, except to say that the traditional parish is not structured so that you get to know and love your neighbor in the pew—the \$50,000-a-year man and the person on welfare, the college professor, and the high-school dropout. Others say that if we want to bring change we should band together and talk with our pastor.

Well, what do you do when you run up against a die-hard conservative of the old school? Also, who is our pastor? As I said, seven or eight parishes are represented in our group. Others claim we are denying our heritage, watering down the faith, and becoming indifferentists and relativists.

Many small groups are criticized, too, because they study much and act not at all. Is your group active in outward-directed mission?

I would say yes as individuals but not as a group. We don't set aside a monthly Tuesday for doing Christian good deeds. But participation in the underground group inspires our lives so we try to be witnessing Christians whatever the place—on the job, in community affairs, on the social scene. People plug into different causes. Some of our members, for example, have been very active in the grape boycott and antiwar protests.

Is there much connection between units of the underground?

Very little up to now, but it is coming. This summer, for example, my group is planning to tackle once again the problem of how to communicate what we're doing to others who may be sharing the same needs. We're not sheep stealers and we don't intend to tempt people out of the Sunday pews. But we feel an obligation to people like ourselves who are utterly turned off by what happens at Sunday mass—people who are at the point of total alienation from the church and religion.

Up until now, we have had our hands full just trying to create a solid sense of community and become authentic human beings ourselves—a continuing process, of course. It would be a little arrogant at this stage to stand up and shout, "Looky here, folks. We've found the

answer!" But it is true that many of us are finding something. Whatever it is, it's good and we ought to share it.

Some have spoken of the sense of separation, the pangs of regret that the underground church is necessary.

The regret is real. Most of us grew up close to the institutional church and came to know Jesus Christ within it. My parents back in Ohio are very devout Roman Catholics. In a certain sense, I've cut myself off from them . . . or at least the traditions they've handed on to me. It takes a certain amount of courage—or audacity, if you will—to make the step. I'll never forget the first time I received Communion in an unapproved underground setting; I was "all shook up," as we used to say. Despite convictions, it's not all that easy to throw off a lifetime—even a short lifetime—of ingrained habits and traditions.

But until things in the institutional church change to the point where much of what we're doing can have official blessing, I'll stay right where I am. Many of us miss the traditional parish, but we are doing what we feel must be done. Personally, I hope the separation is only temporary.

You seem to view the underground movement as transitional and hopeful.

Most of us, though not all, want to return to the mother structure. The underground should be willing to give up its life at some point—but not as a wholesale sellout on establishment terms. Somehow or other, the church establishment will eventually see its way clear to approve our activities.

For one thing, today's young priests are the bishops of tomorrow. Ten years ago when I was in seminary, people were laying 100 to 1 odds against the adaptation of an English mass. And take the matter of a married priesthood which is causing so much havoc. Despite what Pope Paul and the bishops have said, I'm utterly convinced that we will see married priests in this country within a decade. Like a lot of things, it's just a matter of time. □

CRISIS in CATHOLIC Schools

GOOD OLD Lincoln Elementary School and West Side High may look secure and comfortable sitting there amid their midsummer breathers. But this fall they could bulge and creak with pupils who weren't there last year.

A year ago those same pupils attended St. Mary's or Our Lady of Victory. But St. Mary's closed its doors for good in June, and Our Lady will drop first grade this fall. The former parochial-school pupils have to go somewhere, and public school is that somewhere for most of them.

Fiction? Not quite. One Roman Catholic educator estimates that 450 schools have closed in the past three years, and another 200 were expected to close in June. Another said Roman Catholic grade schools will be forced to refuse admittance to almost 2 million children over the next six years unless massive public support is provided.

Massive public support (financial aid) becomes available only if state legislatures vote it. Legislatures, in turn, vote it only if they think the public demands it. Just such demands were raised in some 20 state legislatures this year, making enough of a ripple nationally that the United Methodist Council of Bishops in its mid-April meeting noted:

"In view of the mounting pressure being placed upon legislators in several states . . . to provide public funds to support private and parochial schools, we call the attention of United Methodists and the general citizenry to the stated position of the 1968 General Conference of The United Methodist Church on this matter. . . .

"We are opposed to the bestowal of government tax support upon elementary and secondary schools sponsored by private citizens or denominational and historic church groups. . . . Public funds must not be used to support private or parochial elementary and secondary schools. Every effort to

violate this principle should be resisted. . . ."

Protestants say the principle of church-state separation is involved and should remain inviolate. Catholics say their schools deserve aid because they perform public services and hold down public-education costs, thereby saving taxpayers money.

First the legislatures and, increasingly, the courts are having to decide who is right. Meanwhile at least five links in the chain of crisis confronting Catholic schools can be identified:

1. Fewer Catholic nuns and priests are going into education.

2. More lay teachers must be hired to staff Catholic classrooms.

3. Lay teachers cost more—\$6,000-\$7,000 per year vs. \$1,200-\$2,400 for a teaching nun.

4. Inner-city Catholic schools are losing enrollments as Catholics move to suburbs.

5. More Catholic students are enrolling in public schools either by their parents' choice or because parochial schools are closing or dropping grades.

Enrollment in Catholic schools hit its peak of about 6 million in 1963-64. This past year enroll-



ment was estimated at 5 million, and at least one Catholic educator estimates that it will be 3 million by 1975.

The director of education for the Archdiocese of Chicago told the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in mid-April:

"Serious as are the schools' financial problems, they are not the main crisis. It is, rather, a crisis of confidence in the Catholic schools' future."

Bishop William E. McManus said the confidence crisis is a mixture of disenchantment with products of Catholic schools, reluctance to make the financial sacrifice, uncertainty about Catholic-school direction in the light of the Second Vatican Council, and some lack of conviction that the church should be directly involved in schools.

Comparison with public schools is inevitable. *Time* magazine noted in its March 28 issue that the fiscal bind facing Catholic schools is the same one that faces every school system in the nation, public or private: soaring costs of construction and plant maintenance, more expensive training aids and equipment, and higher teacher salaries.

The latter problem hits parochial schools particularly hard because there are fewer and fewer members of religious orders available for teaching jobs. Lay teachers not only demand higher pay but can paralyze a parochial-school system, as they did two days in April in the Archdiocese of Newark, by striking for higher pay, bonuses, or other benefits. Such a move catches parochial-school administrators in a squeeze between teachers who want parity or near-parity with public-school teachers and parents who say they cannot pay higher tuitions and increasing public-school taxes.

Father Eugene Schallert, university sociologist, said his church must "face the fact that it [the Catholic school system] is going to die." He noted that the parochial-school emphasis is an American experiment, instituted by the American hierarchy

in 1884. "We would be a better church if we did what the rest of the church has always done—just send our children to a regular school," the University of San Francisco teacher added.

This is the minority view, and has not only the Catholic majority—at least in officialdom—opposing it but also opponents from unlikely places. Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, is one. He calls for a national emergency education act which would support both public and parochial schools, saying public schools have "failed" in educating all students and that they need a competitor—the parochial schools.

So far, tax aid has been sought primarily from state legislatures. The *Wall Street Journal* reported this spring that 13 states, since 1964, have enacted bills giving financial help to nonpublic schools for such purposes as bus service, textbook purchases, and remedial instruction. The newspaper also noted that, as of late March, legislative campaigns were in progress in at least 17 states to take aid even farther through tuition grants or tax credits.

Evidence of the legal entanglement already surrounding state aid to private schools came this spring when the American Jewish Congress, in its list of church-state cases on the nation's court dockets, found 13 out of 32 active cases involved public aid to sectarian schools.

Recent legislative and judicial landmarks aren't hard to identify. A year ago the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the right of New York State to lend textbooks to children in nonpublic schools. But the nation's highest court in that same term also granted taxpayers the right to sue the federal government over use of public funds when the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution is involved. That amendment, the crux of the anti-state-aid position, provides that Congress "shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ."

A group of New York parents, supported by several church groups, used the First Amendment to test constitutionality of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act which permits instruction in art, music, science, and other subjects by public-school teachers on parochial-

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school premises and allows supplying of textbooks and library materials to parochial schools. The Supreme Court did not hear the case on its merits of constitutionality but sent it back to New York courts for action.

Many state constitutions are much more explicitly against aid than is the First Amendment's "establishment" clause. The strict no-aid language of most of them sums up one extreme of the argument. The other extreme finds some supporters of nonpublic schools demanding public aid as a matter of "right." Something of a compromise between the extremes is a Pennsylvania law passed in 1968 providing state financial aid to education by purchase of secular services from nonpublic schools.

One observer, attorney William B. Ball of Harrisburg, Pa., commented that the Pennsylvania law was passed by a predominantly Protestant general assembly because the legislature "realized that the financial plight of these schools now poses a public problem of immense magnitude." Mr. Ball also noted that nonpublic schools in Pennsylvania educate one quarter of the commonwealth's elementary and secondary-school pupils at what he called a tax saving to the public of \$350 million per year.

While the figures vary from state to state, Religious News Service (RNS) said in March, "More than one economy-minded legislature is looking with renewed interest at Catholic claims that aid to religious schools, by educating children at a substantially lower cost to the government than public schools, can help [control] mushrooming budgets."

RNS summarized: "With financial pressures increasing both in nonpublic schools and in state budgets, it seems likely that new arrangements in the support of nonpublic education will begin to emerge in legislatures and will face court tests in the near future."

Because of the crisis in nonpublic-school education, then, not only may Lincoln Elementary and West Side High be bulging this fall. The legislative hoppers and the court dockets, already no strangers to the issue, may become fatter and more pinched. Meanwhile the education of millions of youngsters remains caught in the squeeze.

—John A. Lovelace

Theologian Believes Coalition Is Answer

TUCKED AWAY behind a lofty title at a Kansas City, Mo., seminary is a young United Methodist theologian whose ideas and enthusiasm may lead to a real breakthrough in the crisis in this nation's private education.

Dr. W. Paul Jones, professor of philosophical theology at St. Paul School of Theology-Methodist, first spelled out his ideas in April in his weekly column in *Community Now*, a pacesetter ecumenical newspaper in Kansas City.

Dr. Jones began with this view:

Catholics are finding that parochial education is a financial drain beyond all proportion to the gain; the Protestant Sunday-school system, relying on volunteer teachers, is far from satisfactory; the situation in public education is increasingly bleak.

Dr. Jones then proposed that a coalition of Protestant and Jewish leaders work with Roman Catholics in developing this approach:

1. In return for a promise to phase out parochial schools slowly, the state would promise new and large grants to update public education to be better than parochial schools could be, even with state aid.

2. Roman Catholics (hopefully, in coalition with other denominations, said Dr. Jones) would create experimental, pilot, nonsectarian educational projects in the inner city, with the understanding that, once their success was established, these projects would be taken over by public schools.

3. In return for the first two promises, Protestant and Jewish representatives would develop with Catholic, state, and local educators new ways in which (a) the religious dimensions of such subjects as history, literature, and art could be taught objectively,

and (b) objective teaching of religion could become a legitimate discipline in public schools.

4. In return for such objective teaching of religion, religious leaders would agree to the elimination of all public-school activities that could be interpreted as the practice of religion.

5. Churches and synagogues of the Judeo-Christian tradition (Christians alone, if necessary, Dr. Jones added) would develop with Catholic officials a program of reserved-time teaching of religion, using parochial-school buildings as centers for clusters of public schools. Such centers would include joint ecumenical instruction as well as separate classes, if necessary, and the participating denominations would bear all costs.

Admitting that his proposal was not original, Dr. Jones told TOGETHER his presentation came from "wrestling with where we are here and looking around the country for precedents or models."

He thinks most of the legislative aid voted or requested "bypasses the issue rather than hitting it head on, and most of it is a surreptitious way of getting money into parochial schools without violating church-state separation."

There is a strong theology of "mission" in Dr. Jones's words. He says, "If Catholics get out of parochial education and Protestants begin to see the real hurt in the ethnic minority education field and are willing to put money into creating model experimental schools *without* state aid, we could do it as our own joint venture for the public schools. If the church is in mission it ought to be willing to see this as a mission project and be willing to fund it and do it on its own, not as a way of luring state funds." □

NEWS

CHURCHMEN SENT REELING BY \$500 MILLION DEMAND

Demands that churches put up \$500 million for economic development of black people, issued from a late-April conference of blacks, sent many American churchmen reeling.

The National Council of Churches (NCC), confronted with the demand only days after it was issued, scheduled discussion of specific action at a meeting of its executive committee June 23. The NCC's General Board, which received the demand during an early-May meeting in New York, urged NCC member communions to give serious study to the manifesto.

The manifesto came from a Black Economic Development Conference, sponsored in Detroit, Mich., by the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization (IFCO). IFCO, in turn, receives most of its financial support from major denominations, including United Methodists.

Specific demands would allot the \$500 million to such projects as a southern land bank to help people buy land, four major publishing industries, four cable television networks, a national black labor strike and defense fund, a black university, and a United Black Appeal similar to the United Jewish Appeal.

The NCC General Board also heard IFCO's executive director, the Rev. Lucius Walker, sharply criticize church leaders for failure to give adequate financial support to the NCC's Crisis in the Nation program, created in 1968.

Said Mr. Walker, "The church isn't yet convinced in its very guts, in its very soul, that a crisis exists." He accused churches of "playing with the crisis, and while we have been playing with it, it has gained momentum."

Separate from the Detroit-New York demands and confrontations but related to them were two United Methodist actions.

The eight-state South Central Jurisdiction invested \$5,000 in a Negro-owned and operated bank in Kansas City, Mo. One official said this follows the initiative of general boards and annual conferences placing investment and accumulated funds in ghetto and Negro-operated banks.

In Nashville the United Methodist Board of Evangelism staff overwhelmingly approved a resolution to "accept whatever adjustments that are necessary" to ensure a

larger proportion of ethnic minority employees at all levels of the board's operation. Staff members also reaffirmed their support of General Secretary Joseph H. Yeakel "as he continues to make every responsible effort to include black leadership on the executive level as well as all other levels."

WORKSHOP DISCOVERS ELDERLY MILITANTS, TOO

Student militants have no monopoly on the urge for self-determination. In one United Methodist home for senior citizens, the residents recently learned that the administrator was leaving and announced: "Just get us a caretaker. We'll run the home ourselves."

This sign of the times was mentioned at a four-day workshop on aging this spring in Chicago, Ill., sponsored by the North Central Jurisdiction in co-operation with the United Methodist Boards of Education, Christian Social Concerns, Health and Welfare Ministries, and Missions.

Specialists in the field of aging and conference leadership teams attending the workshop agreed that too many decisions are made for elderly people instead of being made *with* them or *by* them—and this makes them older than they need to be.

The stress in workshop discussions was on finding ways to help the elderly remain active and independent in their own homes and communities. Homemaker services, telephone services, meals-on-wheels, counseling, and any other practical services that will fill their special needs cost much less on the average, and seldom cost more, than institutionalizing people, one specialist pointed out, and they preserve independence and individual dignity.

Overshadowing all discussions was the fact that the income of a third of the Americans over 65 falls below the poverty line. Another 10 percent of the elderly lack modest and adequate incomes. And half of all Americans over 65 have some income deficiency. Their financial problem will be more acute, one expert said, as the gap widens between the fixed income of retired people and the growing income of people in their productive years.

It was said repeatedly that residence homes and institutional care are for the small percentage. And they are being turned to later. The average age at which people now



The next time you see an American Indian in a movie, or on television, he may be a real Indian—and that will be a change. Actors with dark skin or a good make-up job usually portray Indians. But through the efforts of a United Methodist actor named Noble Kid Chissel, Indians in the Los Angeles area are learning to act—especially to act like Indians. This is being accomplished through the Indian Actors Workshop which meets in Echo Park United Methodist Church. Every Wednesday night a group of Indians meets there and takes acting lessons from Jay Silverheels (left), "Tonto" in the Lone Ranger TV series, and from William Bassett (right), an actor and volunteer drama coach.

enter church-related homes is 81.

Home administrators at the workshop were frank about the cost of providing services. Said one: "There isn't any low-cost housing any more." Another pointed out that former sources of contributions have been dried up by income taxes and said that if church homes are going to serve low-income residents, public money will have to be involved.

—Helen Johnson

BUDGET AGENCY TOLD OF SLACKENING SUPPORT

An iffy tone colored recent reports on two major United Methodist financial undertakings.

Evidences of slackening support among several major Protestant denominations were reported to United Methodism's chief budgetary agency. The Council on World Service and Finance was told that only \$3.35 million had been received for World Service in the first quarter of 1969 against the year's goal of \$25 million.

Council president, Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., of South Carolina, said he "did not want to be a pessimist," but he reminded the council "we have an obligation to interpret the financial signs of the times and prepare for situations that may develop."

The agency also was told that, as of March 31, only \$600,000 had been received in the central treasury toward the \$10-million national portion of the denomination's four-year \$20-million Fund for Reconciliation.

Additional figures were reported to the Council of Bishops in April. Bishop W. Ralph Ward of Syracuse, N.Y., Fund for Reconciliation committee chairman, said 37 of the church's 45 episcopal areas have accepted fund goals totaling \$22 million. Of that amount, he said, \$13,067,500 had been actually pledged, with two episcopal areas—Louisiana and Los Angeles—overpledging their goals.

Plans call for one half of the amount raised in each episcopal area to remain in that area for reconciliation projects and for the other half to go to the denominational Fund for Reconciliation.

TENSIONS EXHIBITED OVER 'HOW' OF BUILDING

How should churches build for the 1970s? That, essentially, was the question posed for about 500 architects, artists, and churchmen who met in the 30th annual National Conference on Religious Architecture in St. Louis, Mo., this spring.

The variety of answers offered to the basic question gave indication of the tension between those who see the church's role as providing places of sanctuary where members recharge their spiritual batteries and those, on the other hand, who see the church's chief function in terms of involvement in the world.

Said the Rev. Frederick R. McManus, director of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops' committee on liturgy: The church no longer feels a need to advertise itself as triumphant by way of symbolic steeples and other artifacts. Rather it wants to "simplify and serve."

The 1970s will not accept the church as teacher, he warned, but perhaps it can be accepted as arbiter, artist, or simply as "sign" of religious hope. He invited archi-

ects and artists to help the church explore what its mission is "by being yourselves at your best"—through creativity and originality.

Dr. Henry Lee Willett, Philadelphia art-glass manufacturer and active United Presbyterian layman, was one of the conferees who responded differently to the challenge of building houses of worship for the future.

"Because of pressing needs in urban areas, we have been told for several years that building new houses of worship or adorning them with any beauty is like living in sin and that we are immoral for doing it," he said. "Churches and synagogues need art and beauty, color and loving attention, and ghetto churches need them even more than churches in other areas," he insisted. Every church does not need to be big and beautiful, but neither does every church need to be small and plain, he added.

Howard B. Woods, editor and publisher of the St. Louis *Sentinel*, a newspaper primarily serving the city's Negro community, called on churches to "approach the issues of social justice with the same boldness and imagination" used in their new houses of worship. In the con-



Cheerleaders they are not, but these 10 Roman Catholic nuns help promote their school, United Methodist-related Indiana Central College in Indianapolis. Billed as The Singing Sisters, they present hymns, gospel songs, folk music, and religious adaptations of popular songs to churches, civic clubs, and other interested organizations. Members of the Order of St. Benedict, they take most of their undergraduate work at the college under a joint school-convent agreement.

ference keynote speech, Mr. Woods said, "I applaud when I see some church sending great teams to help in day nurseries, sponsor tutorial programs and other meaningful efforts, but I am much more excited when I see such churches place deposits in Black banks and other financial institutions."

Conference members saw contrasting styles of new church architecture in tours of new St. Louis area buildings.

At Hope United Presbyterian Church in suburban St. Louis County they saw what is essentially a gymnasium which can be adapted for all worship, social, and recreational activities of the congregation.

Nearby Trinity Lutheran Church, with traditional liturgical centers accented by high walls and indirect light from a large clerestory window, was one of 12 buildings given honor awards by the conference awards jury. No United Methodist churches were award winners.

FOUR PLANTS FOR SALE; PUBLISHING CENTRALIZED

The United Methodist Board of Publication has given Methodist Publishing House management the authority to seek buyers for three former Evangelical United Brethren printing plants in Dayton, Ohio, and Harrisburg, Pa., and for one former Methodist printing plant in Cincinnati, Ohio.

It was explained that denominational printing could best be carried out from one location in Nashville, Tenn. The board also was told that the Internal Revenue Service has lifted tax-exempt status from the three former EUB plants. IRS ruled that much of the printing in those plants was commercial.

Because the exemption on the Dayton plant was revoked retroactive to 1958, tax payments could total more than \$2 million. The IRS ruling is being appealed. (Loss of exemption on the two Harrisburg plants was retroactive to 1966, but since these have operated at a loss, no actual tax claim is anticipated.)

The United Methodist Church is not alone in centralizing its publishing enterprises. Three predominantly Negro Methodist denominations have announced a joint publishing venture as they move toward projected merger in 1972.

Church-school literature, a hymnal, and an "official organ" will be published for the 1.5-million-member African Methodist Episcopal Church, the 800,000-member African Methodist Episcopal Zion

Union Faces British Test

Three groups of British churchmen on July 8 will cast separate but simultaneous ballots certain to ripple the waters of church union worldwide regardless of whether they vote yes or no.

Put in simplest form, the British Methodist Conference and the Church of England's Convocations of York and Canterbury will vote on whether the two churches should enter the *first stage* of union. Thirteen years of negotiating and months of advisory votes have led to the crucial July 8 balloting.

At least 75 percent of the Anglican convocation members and 75 percent of the members of the Methodist Conference must ratify the Scheme of Union for it to progress farther. As late as mid-April Religious News Service reported from London that church observers in England felt the merger proposal hangs "very much in the balance."

United Methodists in this country are anxiously watching the British procedure because the decision would not only directly affect American-British Methodist relations but would at least indirectly reverberate on the World Methodist Council and on the Consultation on Church Union, in which four American Methodist groups and American Anglicans (Episcopalians) are participating.

The Church of England convocations hold power of final decision. British Methodists, however, even if their July conference votes favorably, must refer

the plan of union to their district synods for ratification, then vote again at their 1970 annual conference on final acceptance or rejection.

Two issues cause most of the division over this fourth and final report drafted by the Anglican-Methodist Unity Commission, whose work began in 1965. Most controversial are proposals for a service of reconciliation uniting ministries of the two churches and acceptance, by Methodists, of the Anglicans' form of episcopal government. British Methodists now are governed by district synods and an annual conference, without bishops.

The first stage of union—the only portion being voted on in July—calls for full Communion between the two churches and for the British Methodist Church to become an episcopal church, with bishops appointed by the Methodist Conference and consecrated by Anglican bishops. Ministries of the two churches then would be integrated by laying on of hands, first by the president and four ministers of the Methodist Conference, then by Anglican bishops and four priests. Controversy focuses here: Would this service constitute episcopal ordination of Methodist ministers and thereby constitute Methodist recognition of the historic episcopate?

The second stage of union provides for full organic union, but the unity commission suggested no time limit for its achievement.

Church, and the 450,000-member Christian Methodist Episcopal Church.

A spokesman said the groups are looking toward a possible 1980 merger with The United Methodist Church. The 1968 United Methodist General Conference instructed its Commission on Ecumenical Affairs to extend "a warm welcome" to the three groups "to explore with us the prospects of union."

'NEW' WORSHIP STRESSED AT FIRST CONVOCATION

Practice in and exposure to new orders of worship enriched 2,000 pastors and laymen at the first Convocation on Worship of The United Methodist Church in St. Louis this spring.

Held in the huge Kiel Auditorium, bigger than most of the world's cathedrals, the various worship services seemed most appropriate, particularly at times of singing or massed spoken sections.

Bishop Lance Webb, of Springfield, Ill., chairman of the United Methodist Commission on Worship, spoke to the first session on the

general convocation theme, *The Crisis in Worship*. Noting general decreases in Sunday-morning church attendance, he also pointed out a loss of morale in preaching efforts, confusion regarding theological guidelines, and tenuous connections between worship and social action. A hopeful new sign, he said, is that many young people now perceive "signals of transcendence" through music, and the exciting events of the day.

John Cardinal Carberry of St. Louis reminded United Methodist churchmen, attending from all over the U.S., that "worship is essentially an act of Christ, our heavenly high priest." Orders of worship cannot be changed according to the latest fad or whim, he said, but must be responsive to Christ and his people.

Professor Lloyd Pfausch of Southern Methodist University said church music could make three contributions to the renewal of worship: (1) regeneration (some new music is old even though it sounds new); (2) renewal—changing form and content of old materials; and (3) refinement—exquisite care that new music is polished.

Guitars, balloons, and banners were visible as the newest worship aids. The familiar included good organ music, massed choirs, beautiful vestments, and the best of ancient and contemporary prayers and responsive readings. Some 30 workshops permitted attendees to delve into their special interests.

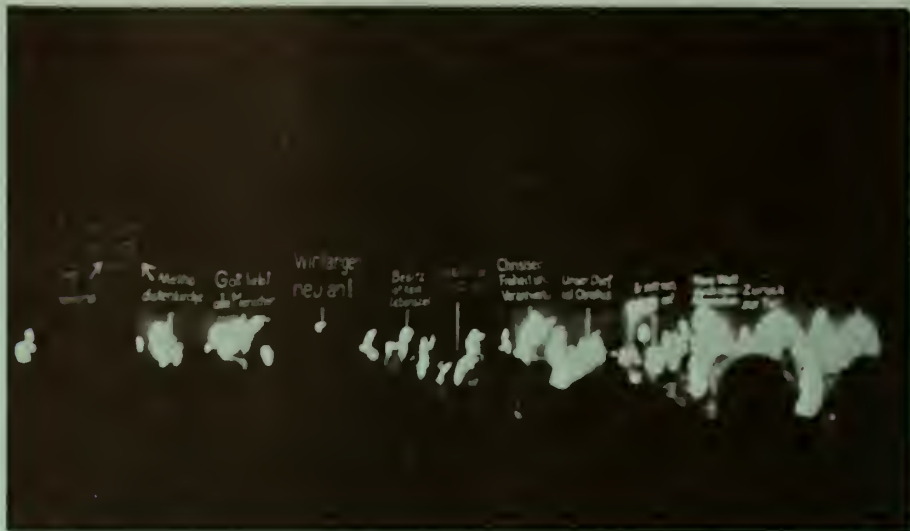
—William C. Henzlik

UNITED METHODISTS HEAD ECUMENICAL DEVELOPMENTS

Three major national or international ecumenical developments have either United Methodist leadership or high-ranking participation by United Methodists.

Editor of the final draft of a plan of union to be presented to the nine-denomination Consultation on Church Union (COCU) in 1970 is Dr. Robert Huston, general secretary of the United Methodist Commission on Ecumenical Affairs.

A preliminary outline of union



Youth from the former EUB and Methodist Churches in Switzerland and Alsace-Lorraine (France) participated in a torchlight parade during the meeting of the Central and Southern European Central Conference of The United Methodist Church this spring in Berne, Switzerland. "The Church Lives" was the theme of representatives of United Methodism from 10 European countries.

plans received COCU clearance this spring and was passed on to the nine member denominations for study and comment. If the final draft receives COCU approval in 1970 it will go to the denominations for adoption.

Other United Methodists on the drafting committee are Bishop Paul A. Washburn of Minneapolis, Dr. Richard W. Cain of Phoenix, Ariz., and Paul Hardin III, of Spartanburg, S.C.

United Methodist Bishop James K. Mathews, of Boston, Mass., COCU chairman, also headed a National Council of Churches (NCC) six-man delegation in late March on a visit to the Vatican, including an audience with Pope Paul VI. COCU efforts to unite the nine Protestant denominations were among NCC-Vatican discussion subjects.

Study of possible Roman Catholic membership in the NCC was assigned this spring to 14 Catholic and Protestant leaders, including Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., general secretary of United Methodism's Board of Missions. One NCC official estimated the group will need two to three years to complete its work.

FORMER EUB'S PAY FOR CHURCH PROPERTY

Negotiations between The United Methodist Church and a group of former Evangelical United Brethren congregations which elected not to enter the new denomination a year ago are near completion.

Forty-six congregations in the Pacific Northwest paid the denomi-

nation \$690,266 as an agreed-to price for their property. They in turn have formed the Evangelical Church of North America, along with some 22 former EUB congregations in Montana.

Other congregations not entering the new denomination are working out separate property settlements with the United Methodist Commission on Unity.

MISSION LEADERS CALL FOR OVERSEAS CLOSENESS

Mission leaders in seven of the nine denominations of the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) have called on their churches to find new ways of working together overseas.

They said separateness in mission administrations "jeopardizes in many instances the more complete unity in the overseas churches."

Represented in the statement were the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church; the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ); Episcopal Church; Presbyterian Church, U.S. (Southern); United Presbyterian Church; United Church of Christ; and The United Methodist Church.

The 45 mission leaders were not official delegates of their churches, and their statement reflected only the consensus of the group.

While mission leaders were calling for unity in New York, a Washington, D.C.-based magazine argued that church union does not help the cause of overseas missions. This theory, advanced by *Christianity Today*, an evangelical

magazine, was based on a comparison of missions and missionary statistics from a 1938 report and the recent edition of *North American Protestant Ministries Overseas*. The magazine supported its theme by "before" and "after" data on three denominations created by union since 1938—the United Church of Christ, the United Presbyterian Church, and The United Methodist Church.

Bodies now in The United Methodist Church, for example, had 1,552 missionaries in 1938, but the denomination now has 1,415. *Christianity Today* contended that churches involved in ecumenism generally lag behind "nonconciliar churches and the nondenominational foreign mission agencies."

In contrast to the figures on ecumenically related denominations, *Christianity Today* cited numerical gains for the Southern Baptist Conventions: 405 missionaries in 1938 to 2,277 in 1968.

BISHOPS ISSUE OPINIONS ON HUNGER, GENERATIONS

World hunger and the conflict of generations were the two main headings in a message to United Methodists adopted this spring by their Council of Bishops.

The section on hunger questions stockpiling food "when literal starvation is rampant," affirms that this nation "has a special responsibility to the rest of the world," and deplores the fact that most nations spend more on military establishments than on "all programs and agencies for human betterment." The section also supports family planning "as one solution to the acute population problem."

Dealing with the generation gap, the bishops said most young people "are sensitive and responsible" and noted that "a small minority has followed a course of purposeless destruction."

The message called on United Methodists to avoid characterizing all youthful dissent as immature and irresponsible, to distinguish between anarchy and flagrant immorality on the one hand and constructive protest and honest searching on the other, and asked that young people be included "as partners in significant decision-making processes of the church."

At the close of the bishops' spring meeting Bishop Reuben H. Mueller of Indianapolis, Ind., succeeded Bishop Eugene M. Frank of St. Louis, Mo., as president. Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington,

D.C., was chosen president-elect to take office at the 1970 General Conference in Baltimore, Md.

Selected to deliver the episcopal address in Baltimore was Bishop J. Gordon Howard of Philadelphia.

WORLD METHODIST PARLEYS SCHEDULED IN STATES

Two major world Methodist meetings have been scheduled in the United States, one for next year, the other for 1971.

The World Methodist Structure Congress, April 9-13, 1970, in Atlantic City, N.J., is expected to bring together 300 churchmen from about 50 countries trying to find more adequate international structures for Methodist and Methodist-related churches around the globe. The congress will be consultative rather than legislative, framing recommendations to the Commission on the Structure of Methodism Overseas which will present proposals to General Conference.

The 1971 World Methodist Conference meeting place has been shifted from Washington, D.C., to Denver, Colo., but the time remains in late August, 1971. Its sponsor is the World Methodist Council.

Still another international group, the World Methodist Family Life Committee, has scheduled seven regional conferences in October and November this year to get the family-life movement closer to its grass roots. Conferences are planned in Zurich, Switzerland; Bombay, India; Delhi, India; Singapore, Manila, Hong Kong, and Taiwan.

More limited in geographic scope is a study tour of Eastern Europe for United Methodists and other interested persons July 28-August 30. Cosponsors are the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns and the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif.; theme is "Christianity, Communism, and World Peace." One-week stays are scheduled in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union.

COMMON WORSHIP TEXTS IN ENGLISH ADVANCED

English-speaking Christians have moved closer to common wording of major worship texts, including the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed.

The International Consultation on English Texts approved the new texts this spring and sent them to various national ad hoc committees and to individual denominations for experimental use and recommendations to the consultation's next meeting in November.

The texts culminate several years study by Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Protestant scholars in the United States, Canada, Australia, Great Britain, and elsewhere. If approved, they would be used in some 20 countries.

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

Chaplain (Col.) Roy M. Terry has been appointed deputy chief of chaplains, U.S. Air Force.

The Rev. Cain Felder, New York, is the first executive director of Black Methodists for Church Renewal.

Rep. Burt Talcott, a layman from Salinas, Calif., is new president of the Congressional Prayer Breakfast Club.

George M. Daniels, staff member of the Board of Missions, has been awarded the Ralph Stoodly Fellowship in Journalism by United Methodist Information.

The Rev. James M. Lawson, pastor of Centenary United Methodist Church in Memphis, Tenn., and chairman of Black Methodists for Church Renewal, received the annual award from the

Memphis Catholic Council on Human Relations for his civil-rights, social, and church work in the city and the nation.

Dr. James T. Laney, assistant professor of Christian ethics at Vanderbilt University Divinity School, has been named dean of Candler School of Theology, Emory University, effective with the fall term.

Dr. C. Eric Lincoln, author, professor, and former Crusade Scholar, has been elected president of the new Black Academy of Arts and Letters.

DEATHS: Vinson M. Mouser, 65 prominent layman and vice-president of the United Methodist Board of Pensions, in Columbia, La. . . Mrs. Grace Noll Crowell, poet laureate of Texas, in Dallas, Texas.

Patriotism: A Biblical Perspective

UNTIL RECENTLY, there was no such thing as a problem of patriotism for Americans. If you were born an American, you related to your country much as fish relate to water. There was a fishlike unself-consciousness about your identity as an American.

But today there is a problem of patriotism. The happy state of fish is a thing of the past. There is questioning and there is attack—bitter and frequently violent attack—upon the social system known as the USA.

In the face of this questioning and uncertainty, let me suggest three themes of the Bible—three great doctrines, if you will—which illustrate what the Scriptures have to offer to Christian Americans struggling with the problem of patriotism.

First, there is the radical monotheism of the Bible, summed up in the commandment, "I am the Lord thy God . . . thou shalt have no other gods before me." This doctrine rejects any notion of tribalism, any notion of a "chosen people" defined in terms of special privilege.

This was the trouble with the Jews in Old Testament times. They were God's chosen people, but they insisted on interpreting their election in tribal terms, in terms of favor rather than of mission and responsibility. It was this Jewish tribalism—nationalism if you prefer—which caused the downfall of the Jews as a nation.

The church, too, sometimes has tended to interpret its special place in God's plan as a matter of privilege rather than of special responsibility and mission. In biblical language, this is idolatry: the setting up of a particular community in the place of God. It was in the name of God that Germany proceeded to exterminate the Jews and then demolish half a continent in World War II. And it is in the name of God that some of our superpatriots today would have us proceed to exterminate half the world in a venture they would call "preventive war"!

The second biblical theme relating to patriotism has to do with our responsibility as Christians, as a part of our response to God. To borrow Paul's lovely phrase: We are, or at least we are called to be, "co-workers with God."

This concept offers a guideline for Christians who would try to do God's will within the structures of society. For if God does not favor one nation, he still works in and through nations, and he works through persons who try to discern his will and then help to make it prevail in the affairs of nations.

Thus, as Christians, we do not regard any people as the chosen people, but we find in our own people, in our own nation, the vehicle chosen by God for our service and witness. This is a play on the word "chosen," I admit, but it does suggest the all-important distinction between *nationalism*, which says in effect, "My country right or wrong," and *patriotism*, particularly the patriotism of Christians, which says, "My country, chosen by God for me and others like me, as the major arena of our service to him and witness for him."

For the nation is the major arena for the exercise of our responsibility as Christians, because it is the most inclusive and the most powerful community to which we belong and in which we have influence. A Christian who does not take his faith into politics is a half-Christian at best. And half a Christian may be worse than none!

The third biblical theme which speaks directly to the problem of patriotism is that 50¢ word, eschatology. In biblical perspective, history has a beginning and an end, and both beginning and end repose in the hands of God.

This is where the Bible is as hard on the flag-burners as it is on the flag-wavers. The flag-waver makes an idol of some mirage of the nation's golden past. Then he proceeds to beat the rest of us over the head until we bow down and worship the idol. The flag-burner, on the other hand, makes an idol of some mirage of the world's golden future. He forgets that perfection is truly not of this world but in the hands of God who has promised to bring it about beyond history, and only beyond history.

Of course this modesty with respect to what we can accomplish has often been used as an alibi for doing nothing in the face of an unjust *status quo*. The flag-wavers would either freeze the *status quo* or return to a *status quo ante* in the name of a counterfeit god. The flag-burners would substitute their pet Utopia for God and then proceed, cheerfully, to demolish the achievements of 5,000 years of Judeo-Christian civilization or, at least, of 200 years of U.S. national history.

As a Christian citizen, I find myself in neither of these two camps. But if I were pushed to a tragic choice between flag-waving and flag-burning, I would rather wave the flag than burn it.

—John R. Bodo, Chaplain-Professor of Religion
Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn.



ONWARD CHRISTIAN SPACEMEN

By C. S. Lewis

Late British author best known for *The Screwtape Letters*

THE RUSSIANS, I am told, report that they have not found God in outer space. On the other hand, a good many people in many different times and countries claim to have found God, or been found by God, here on earth.

The conclusion some want us to draw from these data is that God does not exist. As a corollary, those who think they have met him on earth were suffering from a delusion.

But other conclusions might be drawn:

1. We have not yet gone far enough in space. There had been ships on the Atlantic for a good time before America was discovered.

2. God does exist but is locally confined to this planet.

3. The Russians did find God in space without knowing it, because they lacked the requisite apparatus for detecting him.

4. God does exist but is not an object either located in a particular part of space nor diffused, as we once thought "ether" was, throughout space.

The first two conclusions do not interest me. The sort of religion for which they could be a defense would be a religion for savages. The belief in a local deity who can be contained in a particular temple, island, or grove. That, in fact, seems to be the sort of religion about which the Russians—or some Russians, and a good many people in the West—are being irreligious. It is not in the least disquieting that no astronauts have discovered a god of that sort. The really disquieting thing would be if they had.

The third and fourth conclusions are the ones for my money.

Looking for God—or heaven—by exploring space is like reaching or seeing all Shakespeare's plays in the hope that you will find Shakespeare as one of the characters or Stratford as one of the places. Shakespeare is in one sense present at every moment in every play. But he is never present in the same way as Falstaff or Lady Macbeth. Nor is he diffused through the play like a gas.

If there were an idiot who thought plays existed on their own, without an author (not to mention actors, producer, manager, stagehands, and what not), our belief in Shakespeare would not be much affected by his saying, quite truly, that he had studied all the plays and never found Shakespeare in them.

The rest of us, in varying degrees according to our perceptiveness, "found Shakespeare" in the plays. But it is a quite different sort of "finding" from anything our poor friend has in mind.

Even he has in reality been in some way affected by Shakespeare, but without knowing it. He lacked the necessary apparatus for detecting Shakespeare.

Now of course this is only an analogy. I am not suggesting at all that the existence of God is as easily established as the existence of Shakespeare. My point is that, if God does exist, he is related to the universe more as an author is related to a play than as one object in the universe is related to another.

If God created the universe, he created space-time, which is to the universe as the meter is to a poem or the key is to music. To look for him as one item within the framework which he himself invented is nonsensical.

If God—such a God as any adult religion believes in—exists, mere movement in space will never bring you any nearer to him or any farther from him than you are at this very moment. You can neither reach him nor avoid him by traveling to Alpha Centauri or even to other galaxies. A fish is no more, and no less, in the sea after it has swum a thousand miles than it was when it set out.

How, then, it may be asked, can we either reach or avoid Him?

The avoiding, in many times and places, has proved so difficult that a very large part of the human race failed to achieve it. But in our own time and place it is extremely easy. Avoid silence, avoid solitude, avoid any train of thought that leads off the beaten track. Concentrate on money, sex, status, health, and (above all) on your own grievances. Keep the radio on. Live in a crowd. Use plenty of sedation. If you must read books, select them very carefully. But you'd be safer to stick to the papers. You'll find the advertisements helpful; especially those with a sexy or snobbish appeal.

About the reaching. I am a far less reliable guide. That is because I never had the experience of looking for God. It was the other way round; he was the hunter (or so it seemed to me) and I was the deer. He stalked me like a redskin, took unerring aim, and fired. And I am very thankful that that is how the first (conscious) meeting occurred. It forearms one against subsequent fears that the whole thing was only wish fulfillment. Something one didn't wish for can hardly be that.

But it is significant that this long-evaded encounter happened at a time when I was making a serious effort to obey my conscience. No doubt it was far less serious than I supposed, but it was the most serious I had made for a long time.

One of the first results of such an effort is to bring your picture of yourself down to something nearer life size. And presently you begin to wonder whether you are yet, in any full sense, a person at all; whether you are entitled to call yourself "I" (it is a sacred name). In that way, the process is like being psychoanalyzed, only cheaper—I mean, in dollars; in some other ways it may be more costly. You find that what you called yourself is only a thin film on the surface of an unsounded and dangerous sea. But not merely dangerous. Radiant things, delights and inspirations, come to the surface as well as snarling resentments and nagging lusts.

One's ordinary self is, then, a mere facade. There's a huge area out of sight behind it.

And then, if one listens to the physicists, one discovers that the same is true of all the things around us. These tables and chairs, this magazine, the trees, clouds and

WHEREVER WE WING

The earthman in his thin
glittering sky-skin
climbing a column of fire
into broad black space
did not seek God in some far place,
knowing that God
stirred men on their earth-clod
into dreams of flying
through distances
awesome and terrifying;
knowing that God is not far
from any of us, wherever we wing,
to whatever star.

—Lon Woodrum

mountains are facades. Poke (scientifically) into them and you find the unimaginable structure of the atom. That is, in the long run, you find mathematical formulas.

There are you (whatever you means) sitting reading. Out there (whatever there means) is a white page with black marks on it. And both are facades. Behind both lies—well, Whatever-it-is. The psychologists, and the theologians, though they use different symbols, equally use symbols when they try to probe the depth behind the facade called you. That is, they can't really say, "It is in some way like this." And the physicists, trying to probe behind the other facade, can give you only mathematics. And the mathematics may be true about the reality, but it can hardly be the reality itself, any more than contour lines are real mountains.

I AM NOT in the least blaming either set of experts for this state of affairs. They make progress. They are always discovering things. If governments make a bad use of the physicists' discoveries, the experts are not to blame. The point, however, is that every fresh discovery, far from dissipating, deepens the mystery.

Presently, if you are a person of a certain sort, if you are one who has to believe that all things which exist must have unity, it will seem to you irresistibly probable that what lies ultimately behind the one facade also lies ultimately behind the other. And then—again, if you are that sort of person—you may come to be convinced that your contact with that mystery in the area you call yourself is a good deal closer than your contact through what you call matter. For in the one case I, the ordinary, conscious I, am continuous with the unknown depth.

And after that, you may come (some do) to believe that that voice—like all the rest, I must speak symbolically—that voice which speaks is your conscience and in some of your intensest joys is sometimes so obstinately silent, sometimes so easily silenced, and then at other times so loud and emphatic, is in fact the closest contact you have with the mystery; and therefore finally to be trusted, obeyed, feared, and desired more than all other things. But still, if you are a different sort of person, you will not come to this conclusion.

I hope everyone sees how this is related to the astronomical question from which we started. The process I have been sketching may equally well occur, or fail to occur, wherever you happen to be. I don't mean that all religious and all irreligious people have either taken this step or refused to take it. Once religion and its opposite are in the world—and they have both been in it for a very long time—the majority in both camps will be simply conformists. Their belief or disbelief will result from their upbringing and from the prevailing tone of the circles they live in. They will have done no hunting for God and no flying for God on their own. But if no minorities who did these things on their own existed I presume that the conforming majorities would not exist either. (Don't imagine I'm despising these majorities. I am sure the one contains better Christians than I am; the other, nobler atheists than I was.)

Space travel really has nothing to do with the matter. To some, God is discoverable everywhere; to others, no-



where. Those who do not find him on earth are unlikely to find him in space. (Hang it all, we're in space already; every year we go a huge circular tour in space.) But send a saint up in a spaceship and he'll find God in space as he found God on earth. Much depends on the seeing eye.

And this is especially confirmed by my own religion, which is Christianity. When I said a while ago that it was nonsensical to look for God as one item within his own work, the universe, some readers may have wanted to protest. They wanted to say, "But surely, according to Christianity, that is just what did once happen? Surely the central doctrine is that God became man and walked about among other men in Palestine? If that is not appearing as an item in his own work, what is it?"

The objection is much to the point. To meet it, I must readjust my old analogy of the play. One might imagine a play in which the dramatist introduced himself as a character into his own play and was pelted off the stage as an impudent impostor by the other characters. It might be rather a good play; if I had any talent for the theater I'd try my hand at writing it. But since (as far as I know) such a play doesn't exist, we had better change to a narrative work; a story into which the author puts himself as one of the characters.

We have a real instance of this in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Dante is (1) the muse outside the poem who is inventing the whole thing, and (2) a character inside the poem, whom the other characters meet and with whom they hold conversations. Where the analogy breaks down is that everything the poem contains is merely imaginary, in that the characters have no free will. They (the characters) can say to Dante only what Dante (the poet) has decided to put into their mouths. I do not think we humans are related to God in that way.

I think God can make things which not only—like a poet's or novelist's characters—seem to have a partially independent life, but really have it. But the analogy furnishes a crude model of the Incarnation in two respects: (1) Dante the poet and Dante the character are in a sense one, but in another sense two. This is a faint and far-off suggestion of what theologians mean by the "union of the two natures" (divine and human) in Christ. (2) The other people in the poem meet and see and hear

Dante; but they have not even the faintest suspicion that he is making the whole world in which they exist and has a life of his own, outside it, independent of it.

It is the second point which is most relevant. For the Christian story is that Christ was perceived to be God by very few people indeed; perhaps, for a time only by Saint Peter, who would also, and for the same reason, have found God in space. For Christ said to Peter, "Flesh and blood have not taught you this." The methods of science do not discover facts of that order.

Indeed the expectation of finding God by astronautics would be very like trying to verify or falsify the divinity of Christ by taking specimens of his blood or dissecting him. And in their own way they did both. But they were no wiser than before. What is required is a certain faculty of recognition.

If you do not at all know God, of course, you will not recognize him, either in Jesus or in outer space.

The fact that we have not found God in space does not, then, bother me in the least. Nor am I much concerned about the "space race" between America and Russia. The more money, time, skill, and zeal they both spend on that rivalry, the less, we may hope, they will have to spend on armaments. Great powers might be more usefully, but are seldom less dangerously, employed than in fabricating costly objects and flinging them, as you might say, overboard. Good luck to it! It is an excellent way of letting off steam.

BUT THERE are three ways in which space travel will bother me if it reaches the stage for which most people are hoping.

The first is merely sentimental, or perhaps aesthetic. No moonlit night will ever be the same to me again if, as I look up at that pale disc, I must think, "Yes: up there to the left is the Russian area, and over there to the right is the American bit. And up at the top is the place which is now threatening to produce a crisis." The immemorial moon—the moon of the myths, the poets, the lovers—will have been taken from us forever. Part of our mind, a huge mass of our emotional wealth, will have gone. Artemis, Diana, the silver planet belonged in that fashion to all humanity: he who first reaches it steals something from us all.

Secondly, a more practical issue will arise when, if ever, we discover rational creatures on other planets. I think, myself, this is a very remote contingency. The balance of probability is against life on any other planet of the solar system. We shall hardly find it nearer than the stars. And even if we reach the moon we shall be no nearer to stellar travel than the first man who paddled across a river was to crossing the Pacific.

This thought is welcome to me because, to be frank, I have no pleasure in looking forward to a meeting between humanity and any alien rational species. I observe how the white man has hitherto treated the black, and how, even among civilized men, the stronger have treated the weaker. If we encounter in the depth of space a race, however innocent and amiable, which is technologically weaker than ourselves, I do not doubt that the same

revolting story will be repeated. We shall enslave, deceive, exploit or exterminate; at the very least we shall corrupt it with our vices and infect it with our diseases.

We are not fit yet to visit other worlds. We have filled our own with massacre, torture, syphilis, famine, dust bowls, and with all that is hideous to ear or eye. Must we go on to infect new realms?

Of course we might find a species stronger than ourselves. In that case we shall have met, if not God, at least God's judgment in space. But once more the detecting apparatus will be inadequate. We shall think it just our bad luck if righteous creatures rightly destroy those who come to reduce them to misery.

It was in part these reflections that first moved me to make my own small contributions to science fiction. In those days writers in that genre almost automatically represented the inhabitants of other worlds as monsters and the terrestrial invaders as good. Since then the opposite setup has become fairly common. If I could believe that I had in any degree contributed to this change, I should be a proud man.

The same problem, by the way, is beginning to threaten us as regards the dolphins. I don't think it has yet been proved that they are rational. But if they are, we have no more right to enslave them than to enslave our fellowmen. And some of us will continue to say this, but we shall be mocked.

The third thing is this. Some people are troubled, and others are delighted, at the idea of finding not one but perhaps innumerable rational species scattered about the universe. In both cases the emotion arises from a belief that such discoveries would be fatal to Christian theology. For, it will be said, theology connects the Incarnation of God with the fall and redemption of man. And this would seem to attribute to our species and to our little planet a central position in cosmic history which is not credible if rationally inhabited planets are to be had by the million.

Older readers will, with me, notice the vast change in astronomical speculation which this view involves. When we were boys, all astronomers, so far as I know, impressed upon us the antecedent improbabilities of life in any part of the universe whatever. It was not thought unlikely that this earth was the solitary exception to a universal reign of the inorganic. Now Professor Hoyle, and many with him, say that, in so vast a universe, life must have occurred in times and places without number. The

interesting thing is that I have heard both these estimates used as arguments against Christianity.

Now it seems to me that we must find out more than we can at present know—which is nothing—about hypothetical rational species before we can say what theological corollaries or difficulties their discovery would raise.

WE MIGHT, for example, find a race which was, like us, rational but, unlike us, innocent—no wars nor any other wickedness among them; all peace and good fellowship.

I don't think Christians would be puzzled to find that they knew no story of an Incarnation or redemption, and might even find our story hard to understand or accept if we told it to them. There would have been no redemption in such a world because it would not have needed redeeming. "They that are whole need not the physician." The sheep that has never strayed need not be sought for. We should have much to learn from such people and nothing to teach them. If we were wise, we should fall at their feet. But probably we should be unable to "take it." We'd find some reason for exterminating them.

Again, we might find a race which like ours, contained both good and bad. And we might find that for them, as for us, something had been done: that at some point in their history some great interference for the better, believed by some of them to be supernatural, had been recorded, and that its effects, though often impeded and perverted, were still alive among them. It need not, as far as I can see, have conformed to the pattern of incarnation, passion, death, and resurrection. God may have other ways—how should I be able to imagine them?—of redeeming a lost world. And redemption in that alien mode might not be easily recognizable by our missionaries, let alone by our atheists.

We might meet a species which, like us, needed redemption but had not been given it. But would this fundamentally be more of a difficulty than any Christian's first meeting with a new tribe of savages? It would be our duty to preach the gospel to them. For if they are rational, capable both of sin and repentance, they are our brethren, whatever they look like. Would this spreading of the gospel from earth, through man, imply a preeminence for earth and man? Not in any real sense. If a thing is to begin at all, it must begin at some particular time and place; and any time and place raises the question "Why just then and just there?" One can conceive an extraterrestrial development of Christianity so brilliant that earth's place in the story might sink to that of a prologue.

Finally, we might find a race which was strictly diabolical—no tiniest spark left in them from which any goodness could ever be coaxed into the feeblest glow; all of them incurably perverted through and through. What then? We Christians had always been told that there were creatures like that in existence. True, we thought they were all incorporeal spirits. A minor readjustment thus becomes necessary.

But all this is in the realm of fantastic speculation. We are trying to cross a bridge, not only before we come to it but even before we know there is a river that needs bridging. □

Handicapped...



But Not Sidelined

There were many lonely handicapped people living in the Lower Rio Grande Valley. Then a Women's Society of Christian Service organized a club for them—with heartwarming results.

By Mrs. Freddie M. Saunders

"IF I WERE in another room just listening, I'd never guess that these are handicapped people," said the visitor, commenting on the hilarious laughter accompanying the social-hour games.

A sponsor smiled at his comment: "If this fun and fellowship were our group's only benefit, we would consider it well worthwhile, but

there is more to it, much more."

On December 2, 1965, the Lower Rio Grande Valley Association for the Physically Handicapped held its first tentative meeting. Now the members have a scheduled meeting every month, and almost every week there is some social event, an excuse for fellowship.

But their activities are not strictly

social by a long sight. Members exchange helpful tips on "how to manage"—telling of gadgets that they've invented to help themselves, and identifying buildings with entrances which will accommodate wheelchairs. They have regular service projects for the "less fortunate." At one meeting, for example, members arranged a candy sale to finance

Christmas festivities for the nearby Crippled Children's Center.

"I halfway expected to see people holding each other's hands in weak encouragement," the visitor commented. "How wrong I was!"

An observation by a speech therapist provided the inspiration for the Valley Association. On her home visits, she met many handicapped who had very limited human contacts. Their minds needed more stimulation. "So much is done for crippled children. Couldn't someone help these lonely adults?" she asked her sister, Mrs. Clayton Walsh.

Mrs. Walsh and a friend quietly surveyed towns in the valley and were disturbed to find the situation had not been exaggerated. They took the problem to their Women's Society of Christian Service at First United Methodist Church in Mission, Texas. The women decided to bring the lonely people together, let them meet each other, then play it by ear.

The first meeting lasted far longer than anyone expected. Those who had come rather skeptically left reluctantly, planning to bring a handicapped acquaintance to the next meeting. Organizational plans were completed at the second meeting in mid-January, 1966. Membership was to be for physically handicapped adults and teen-agers "who are interested in developing friendships and performing worthwhile services for handicapped and others." From the beginning, the Mission Women's Society provided transportation and planning help, but its sponsorship eventually gave way to a broader, "auxiliary" program. Auxiliary-member volunteers, men included, are drawn from towns and churches throughout the valley. All pay dues and serve on committees.

TEN months after the association's founding, the 21 regular members included seven polio victims, five persons crippled in accidents, three with cerebral palsy, and several with other problems. Nine were confined to wheelchairs and four had speech handicaps. But the true picture of the association lies in the members' stories.

An example is the president, Alberta Spiekerman, only survivor of an automobile accident when she was a college sophomore. Paralyzed from

the waist down, she presides from a wheelchair. Yet, for six years, Alberta worked from eight to five as news editor of a weekly newspaper. Her friends in the association benefit from her independent example, but the benefits are reciprocal. Gaining self-confidence from her leadership experience, Alberta bought a car with hand controls and started driving herself to a new job as secretary at the Crippled Children's Treatment Center 15 miles away. An active Methodist, she was named Handicapped Texan of the Year in 1967.

"The Association has played an important and leading role in bringing about a better understanding and closer relationship between physically handicapped and nondisabled persons," Miss Spiekerman says.

Founding vice-president Fred Hodgson was also disabled in a car accident. It took five years of therapy to effect his partial recovery, but Fred had an additional problem to overcome—he was shy. He took a correspondence bookkeeping course but ventured no farther. Then he joined the club, became an officer, and took over as head of the committee on architectural barriers. This group wages war on public buildings which are so constructed that the handicapped are arbitrarily barred. They research the problem and, working with local architects, eliminate such barriers when buildings are planned.

Today Fred has changed. In his mother's words, "His friends in this club have done Fred a world of good!" No longer so retiring, Fred used the help of the Texas Rehabilitation Service to find a full-time job as a bookkeeper.

The two other founding officers, Secretary Toya Thompson and Treasurer Pam Scurlock, are also young adults. Toya, the most mobile member of the club, can walk and drive a car. During the club's early days it was Toya's imaginative ability to tackle problems which made her an especially valuable helper. It was she who arranged for the club's officers to appear on a valley television interview program. And for the valley's annual opera performance, she persuaded the civic center board to provide wheelchair facilities in the auditorium. Toya now teaches school in Corpus Christi.

Pam Scurlock is an organizer. A

cerebral-palsy victim, she walks and speaks with difficulty. But the attractively groomed lady is unfailingly cheerful and full of plans and projects for the club. She has been one of its most enthusiastic recruiters.

Eddie Klock, a charter member in his 40s, is a severely handicapped spastic who has, in spite of his ailment, achieved much. He has a good education and has traveled extensively. For 15 years coeditor of a trade journal, Eddie now edits the club's monthly paper the *Handi-Gram*, and records meetings on tape and film.

THE youngest charter member was 12-year-old Pat Snell. "I'm nearly 13," he said when he heard of the age requirements. "And anyway, some people consider 12-year-olds teen-agers." Unable to resist the polio-crippled youngster's pleas, club members admitted him, and his delight in new experiences has been their reward.

Mrs. Walsh admits quite frankly that as club advisor her associations with the handicapped have benefitted her more than she can ever repay. A touching facet of her special concern is her regret that she has learned too late how she could have helped her own invalid father. In her lecture trips to women's organizations in the area, Mrs. Walsh reports, she is invariably asked, "Are all the members such outstanding achievers?"

"No, there are the timid, the quiet ones, those who are still too despondent to give much," she admits. "But they do enjoy the fellowship. That is enough for now."

"What really grieves us is that some of our saddest cases have not been reached. It is not enough just to announce the meeting and invite people to come. We have to help them get there, perhaps even overcome the inertia of their overburdened families. I know a 19-year-old girl who sits in her room all day—every day—because her mother has all she can do to care for her basic physical needs. That girl needs a more stimulating environment occasionally, but we have not been able to get her out. We hope soon—"

As she tells of work to be done, Mrs. Walsh urges others to search out their own handicapped who need companionship. "They are there," she challenges. "Find them!" □



100-Acre Church in a Forest

We live in a day when many jobs are routine and unrewarding. And while people have increased leisure, they are spending less and less of it together as families. That's one reason this church family park helps fill a basic human need.

Workers at Snoqualmie Falls Family Park take a breather—and a tour to the foot of the falls, which drop 286 feet and can be seen from numerous points in the park. At the right is the Rev. George Pratt, the minister of the United Methodist Church at Fall City and director of The Christian Players.



Day camp at Snoqualmie Falls Family Park answers that universal summer question: "Mother, what can I do now?" At it, youngsters from first through fifth grades are trained in art, crafts, singing, and drama. Forty-five children attended day camp in 1968. They collected nature specimens for collages, learned new songs, and discovered, through role-playing and puppetry, how other people feel.

TEN YEARS AGO the Rev. George Pratt, just out of seminary and the new minister at the Fall City, Wash., Methodist Church, went on an overnight hike with the Boy Scouts. When he saw the campsite, only three miles out of town but wooded and rugged, with breathtaking views of nearby Snoqualmie Falls, he thought: "What a beautiful place for a church camp!"

Today that camp is a reality, 100 acres of forest and meadow partly edged by the Snoqualmie River. Permanent buildings still have to be built, and the land is leased rather than owned, but when TOGETHER's picture editor George P. Miller visited it last summer, Snoqualmie Falls Family Park was humming with work parties, youth nights, a creative arts day camp for children in the first five grades. Evenings, families could enjoy a steak fry and see an old-time melodrama played in an amphitheater circled by towering fir and cedar trees. Forty acres of the park are set aside for lease to

individual families for cabinsites, and increasingly the park is being used for retreats, camp-outs, and individual and group picnics.

Always there is drama going on. The Christian Players, Inc., which operates the park, is a permanent year-round repertory company that presents a variety of plays in the park in the summer and in the Fall City Gymnasium in winter. The Christian Players have presented sermons in the form of chancel drama during regular worship services at the Fall City Methodist Church and have taken chancel drama to other churches in the Pacific Northwest. At Christmas they present *Emmanuel*, a Christmas play by Mr. Pratt.

The Players are best known, though, for *Those Who Met the Master*, a passion play that draws standing-room-only audiences to performances in the gymnasium every year during the weeks leading up to Easter. There are 140 people in its cast, and directly or indirectly its production involves nearly all of Fall City's 1,500 in-



"What's in the box?" The Pratt children and friends inspect supplies headed toward a steak fry. Firewood was cut previously, during a Saturday-afternoon work party, by a logger wielding a chain saw. At the steak fry, guests get their sirloins and baked potatoes from the fire, their salad and dessert (chocolate cake in this instance) from the chuck wagon. And on Saturday night a group of young folks sing around the campfire under the leadership of Mrs. Joe Harding, the district superintendent's wife.

habitants as well as people from neighboring communities and Scattle, 25 miles away.

Those Who Met the Master had a very modest beginning. In 1959 Mr. Pratt asked 13 men to take part in a tableau of the Last Supper. It was a part of the Fall City church-school Easter program. The next year a cast of 33 men, women, and children presented the first performance of *Those Who Met the Master*. Mr. Pratt wrote the play script in collaboration with elementary-school principal Henry Eaton and his wife, Dorothy, who is a teacher. These three also have written subsequent revisions, and Mrs. Eaton is codirector of the play and works backstage during performances.

The passion play will be moved to Snoqualmie Falls Family Park when the park is ready for it. Now it could not accommodate the crowds, but land is being cleared for roads and parking as rapidly as the volunteer labor of young people and adults can do it, and as the Players' limited funds will allow.

The land belonged to Art Howe, a staunch member of the Fall City church. Mr. Howe died in 1968, but he gave the Players a lease with option to purchase. "And he literally held us together at times when we could have been evicted," says Mr. Pratt.

The Christian Players have had a financial struggle, but the income they will get from leasing the cabin sites





should make it possible to buy the land this fall.

Members of The Christian Players come from many denominations and all parts of Washington. Families pay a \$25 membership fee. This allows them the use of the park, "but mainly it entitles them to do some work," says Mr. Pratt.

The cost of participating in park activities is small. The fee for six day-camp sessions is only \$1. Dinner on steak-fry evenings is \$2, the melodrama \$1. But no family is allowed to pay more than \$10 on such an evening, whatever its size.

Mr. Pratt sees the Snoqualmie Falls Park as an event, a place where families can come and work and play together. People today have more and more time for recreation, but family members spend less of this time together. Many jobs are monotonous and unrewarding. People need the satisfaction of having done something worthwhile with leisure.

"Churches watch families go off on weekends in search of recreation. But the park provides a place for them to go, a 100-acre church really, that serves through recreation and the creative arts," Mr. Pratt says.

—HELEN JOHNSON



Players in the melodrama use a minimum of facial makeup, but they do wear beards and wigs. The villain (above) applies the adhesive that will hold his moustache on. As the play's plot thickens (below), the villain tries to foreclose on the poor farmer. The audience is well supplied with peanuts to throw at him. The falls can be seen through the trees from many seats in the amphitheater.



Overheard

"WATCH out! Now look what you did."

"I didn't do it—you did."

"You were carrying it. Now what do we do? Boy, if Mom sees this!"

"I didn't do it."

"Now come on, Andy. We have to figure out something to get rid of it."

"I didn't do it, you bumped my arm. I was just walking along."

"Well, we're not supposed to have pop in the living room. Especially grape pop. Look at that spot. Wow!"

"I think it's soaking in. It makes stains, you know. Mom says stains never come out."

"Well, get a rag. Quick!"

"You get it."

"You get it, Andy, I'm watching the spot. Besides, you spilled it."

"Well, you bumped me, and you're older. You get it."

"Oh, for Pete's sake!"

"Get it wet, don't forget. Mom says you can't get anything up with a dry rag."

"It's wet. Here, get out of the way."

"It's not coming out."

"It will, it will. Just keep rubbing."

"You've already been rubbing an hour. It won't come out. I know it."

"I have not. Go get another rag. Try to get it real wet, and we'll soak it out, sort of."

"I'm scared."

"Just get a rag. A wet one. We can get it out."

"I'm scared."

"Will you go get a rag? Gee, I'm doing all the work and you're the one who spilled it."

"You bumped me. I was just walking along . . ."

"Mom'll be home any minute. Get a rag. *Hurry.*"



By Nancy Garber

"Here. Does it look any better now?"

"I think so. No so bright purple as it was."

"Kind of lavender, I'd say."

"We could put a table over it till after dinner. You don't want to tell mothers bad things till after dinner."

"Won't she wonder why there's a table in the middle of the room?"

"We could rearrange all the furniture. It would be a nice surprise for her. We could put the couch over there and the red chair in the corner."

"It wouldn't work. You'd still have

to put something in the middle of the floor."

"Yeah. We don't have time anyway."

"What'll we do?"

"Get another rag. Real wet."

"We could put a towel over it."

"Okay, get one. Boy, you'd better get a big one."

"I heard a car door."

"It's Mom. Oh, boy. Come here, Andy—come back. Never mind the towel now. Stand here with me."

"Hi, Mom."

"Hi, Mom."

□



G. S. HALL

Wednesdays With Rita

The volunteer tutor had wanted an honest encounter between slum and suburb.

But his relationship with the Puerto Rican teen-ager ended on what seemed a painfully inconclusive note—a mere wave from the ghetto girl on a tenement fire escape. Or was it?

By NEAL ASHBY

THE FACE OF Rita, the 14-year-old Puerto Rican girl I tutored in East Harlem, is a sullen face. The features beneath the dark, straight bangs are expressionless. The lips turn down slightly at the corners.

Where Rita lives, a steely, unreceptive stare and a tightly shut mouth are necessary defense mechanisms. Nobody has much in the ghetto, and some people are willing to take things they want from the innocent and unsuspecting.

Behind Rita's sullen look, was there any latent warmth and friendliness? Could she share these feelings with a stranger from the privileged outer world? Finding the answers to these questions turned out to be the central goal of my tutoring experience.

I worked diligently to help Rita improve her reading, learn to compose sentences, and coax her mind to reason out the answers to questions. I lectured her about how greater literacy could help her attain a better life and someday be a better mother. Sometimes, I stayed longer than I intended because she was working well and unconscious of time.

But what motivated me most to make those weekly trips to East Harlem in packed, rattling subway trains, and upset me when Rita did not turn up for tutoring, was an inner drive to win Rita's trust and affection. Here was a face-to-face encounter between slum and suburb. I wanted it to count for something in the struggle to draw all Americans toward equality and fellowship. On the simplest level, I liked this child, whose father I could have been by comparative ages, and I wanted her to like me, despite the barriers.

Along East 109th Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues in the New York City neighborhood called East Harlem, walk-up tenement dwellings stand edge to edge in depressing uniformity. The grimy stonefronts rise five or six stories.

The buildings are overcrowded with tenants, about 75 percent of them Puerto Rican and the remainder Negro. The street is thronged with children at noisy, toyless play. Darkskinned adults move briskly about their affairs. Smirking, identity-seeking teen-age boys swagger to nowhere. Lurching out of a doorway or basement entranceway from time to time is a glassy-eyed narcotic addict or a drunk with a bottle of whiskey in his hand.

Wedge into the middle of the block on the south side

of the street is the brick-fronted St. Edward the Martyr Church and parish house. When first I arrived there, I was troubled to discover that the menace of thieves is sufficient to require locked doors. At the parish house, where St. Edward's Reading Center is located, you have to ring a bell for admittance.

The reading center is located in a large, second-floor room once used as a gymnasium. Foul-line markers dissect the floor. Furnishings are an exquisite conglomeration: old wooden desks, unfinished pine bookshelves, tables of various sizes, school chairs with writing arms, folding metal chairs, wooden straight-back chairs (including a precious antique with carved knobs and scrollwork on its back), and one church pew with four faded red-velvet kneeling cushions as throw pillows.

The center is in session weekdays from 3 to about 8 p.m. and on Saturdays. It is run by Tom Gullion, a young, soft-spoken graduate reading specialist from the South. Tom moved the larger pieces of the mismatched furniture around to form makeshift study carrels, affording tutors and pupils some small degree of privacy.

The pupils, referred from public elementary and junior-high schools in the area, are youngsters whose work, particularly reading, is well below what it should be for their grade levels.

ITA Toredos (not her real name) lives across the street. Her parents moved to New York City from Puerto Rico seven years ago. With their six children they occupy four landlord-neglected rooms.

Rita's God-given intelligence is normal. But because of language problems, the inability of her parents to help her, and the cultural desolation of her community, Rita's proficiency in school is sadly substandard. She was in the eighth grade when we met. But the eighth grade in East Harlem can scarcely be compared with the eighth grade in most places. East Harlem teachers make further allowances for students who for understandable reasons can't keep up even there.

On my first October evening of tutoring, a Wednesday, I arrived from my midtown office at six o'clock. Before Rita and I sat down together, Tom Gullion took me aside and said that Rita read at a third-grade level.

I wasn't prepared for the way things started. Rita was to read from a book selected from the reading center's

meager library. It was *Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves*. But Rita refused to read. Just said she wouldn't and sat there.

It hadn't occurred to me that being singled out for special assistance, being referred to a reading center, is a progressively greater embarrassment to a child as his years increase. Reaction to that embarrassment in some way is not surprising.

"The older they get," Tom Gullion observed later, "the harder it is to help them."

I did the only thing it seemed I sensibly could—talk, reason, cajole:

"We're both here, we may as well go ahead . . . Why do you feel you don't want to read? . . . Why don't you just read a little bit and see how it goes? . . ."

After about five minutes, Rita made her face a little more sullen looking, but some words began to come out:

"Ali Ba-ba . . . emp-tied the bags onto the table. At first, he wife coot'n believe her eyes. She had never seen so much gold in her life . . ."

Rita's reading, somewhat slurred but not too heavily affected by Spanish accent, was at once too slow and too fast. It was too slow for a girl her age but too fast for her ability. She stumbled and mispronounced.

We moved on to a game of "Word Rummy" (played with special playing cards imprinted with simple words containing various vowel-consonant combinations to be matched). Rita wouldn't do that at first, either. Finally, with an attitude of indifference, she did.

That first night I hit upon something that ultimately helped to narrow a little the gap between us—asking Rita to teach me the Spanish equivalents of English words. Her first reaction to this was disappointing, as if Spanish is not a language anyone would care about, as if anyone of Puerto Rican extraction was automatically inferior. Nonetheless, she explained that cards are *las cartas*. And then she went home without a good-bye.

I HAD volunteered to tutor once a week. The next Wednesday night Rita brought some reading from her school, Junior-High School 13, and some yes-or-no questions to answer based on the reading. Tom Gullion kept us working together. Rita went at it more readily this time. She proved able to answer the simple questions in writing with reasonable accuracy. But again she made many mistakes in reading aloud. She tried to read too rapidly. I told her to slow down, that getting it right was most important. She never confided any ambitions, but I felt that her hurried reading was touching evidence that Rita wanted badly to read well.

Later that session another volunteer brought in a box of chocolates and Rita taught me *el dulce es bueno*—loosely translated: the sweets are good. But she departed without giving any sign of interest in me as a person.

The weeks went by. Her five-foot figure hunched in the seat beside me, always wearing the black raincoat or cloth winter coat which she refused to remove. Amid the rising and falling drone of other children's voices haltingly reading, and other teachers' voices pontifically correcting, Rita would read. Usually it was a school book, sometimes a book from the reading center shelves or an "answer card" bearing a simple story with true-or-false questions and answers on the back.

At times as she read, she would sail along impressively for a couple of paragraphs. But invariably, a multisyllable word would stop her. She still forced herself along too swiftly. Now I could see that the longer words were also a problem. There were just too many she didn't know. She was easily discouraged. Too many failures before too many eyes in school had drained her confidence. And she knew nothing of sounding out one syllable at a time, which had worked fine when I was learning to read. It helped when I explained it.

"Ven—ti—la—tor."

"Fine," I said. "That's the idea. Ventilator. Something that lets air in."

Another time it was:

"In—for—ma—shun. Oh, I know that word!" Rita exclaimed with surprise. She *did* know some of the multisyllable words, having heard them in school or on television, but she just didn't recognize them in print.

That session convinced me that culturally deprived kids simply need more time spent on their reading, on pronunciation and vocabulary. Throw away the course plans, progress timetables, and even the grade levels. Stay with the Spanish-speaking child and the "southern-speaking" child until he gets a solid hold on the fundamentals and I'm sure he'll then do perfectly well.

I N EARLY December Rita greatly pleased me by pronouncing "Vincent Spaulding" perfectly the first time it came along in a story. I was sure she was not familiar with such names, but, using newly acquired skills, she tackled them instead of giving up at the first sign of a challenge. Still she revealed no personal feelings. I showed her as much warmth as I could without seeming phony or lecherous. She did what she was asked, sometimes resentfully, sometimes insisting that I share the reading.

Then Rita startled me one evening with a question:

"What's your name?"

"Neal."

"What's your last name?"

"Ashby, but call me Neal."

"Okay, Mr. Oshby."

After that beginning, I was able to learn more about Rita's life from pieced-together scraps of information. Since she was willing to reveal more about herself, I concluded that I must be gaining some degree of acceptance. That was a bright prospect, but the information I got was far from bright.

When I learned about her family of eight, I said, "Well, that's nice." Rita was silent and her face blank. "Well," I began again, "I guess it's good and bad."

"It's bad," she said.

Rita told me she was expected to do a lot of work at home ("They won't let me sit down"); that she didn't like her father ("Never have and never will"); that he insisted she go to bed at 9 p.m. and this made it hard for her to finish her homework.

"Can't you do it early in the morning, before school?" I suggested.

"No," Rita replied, "my little brother gets up and turns on the TV."

I asked if her father, a low-paid factory worker, didn't

deserve some credit for providing the neat and clean, though inexpensive, clothes she always wore. Rita replied that they were bought by her mother with "the welfare money."

The life I could piece together was not a pretty one: lurking intimidation in the street, insufficient attention producing failure in school, repression, servitude, and inadequate income at home.

After the first of the year, a new difficulty arose. The homework Rita brought to the reading center now included composition. Usually she was assigned to read a chapter or so, perhaps for social studies, and then to write her impressions.

For Rita, this was a strange and clouded realm. Impressions from her reading floated invisibly in the air, and could be grasped only by someone with a teacher's erudition. She had never considered what she *thought* about a story. It was hard enough just to read, much less to record her thoughts. Words with which to compose a sentence were in a tall, imaginary heap; one of her modest intelligence could not possibly pick out the right ones.

"Rita, you must think about what the words are saying. Then think about how it seems to you. What kind of person was Joe? Did Mary do the right thing? When you decide, write it down . . . You thought Joe was a friendly boy? Write down just that."

Rita was so pleased and absorbed the night she made these new discoveries that she was still at work well after eight o'clock. She composed several clean, honest, original sentences. I was due elsewhere and was tempted to be on my way, but decided a tutor should never desert his pupil.

More nights of good work followed. I discovered that if I pounced the instant Rita hesitated before a difficult word—"Take it a section at a time . . . sound it out"—she would usually battle it through, and not shy off so quickly the next time. Her confidence was boosted.

Then, as she left one night, she bid me a cheerful good-bye! When I descended the stairs and stepped outside a little later, there was Rita waiting to say good-bye again. I learned afterward that the only night Rita was sure to come for tutoring was Wednesday night.

RITA continued to enter and sit down solemnly, but it wasn't long each week before we were working along in easy, companionable fashion. Now and then she would smile. Once when I was reading a page or two at her request and said it was time for her to take over, she teased me with:

"Go ahead, you're doing very well so far."

It always amused her when I would exclaim "What?" in exaggerated astonishment when she erred on something simple.

She taught me *escribe*, *hermana*, and *siete y media*—write, sister, and seven thirty (o'clock).

Winter mellowed into spring. That was the second seasonal change I'd known in my evening treks from the Lexington Avenue subway station—in light, then darkness and back to light again—up 109th Street, through the dimly lit railroad underpass, where wine bottles lay underfoot but no one ever troubled me, where trains rumbled

overhead, speeding affluent commuters safely above the slums to comfortable homes in Connecticut, past the concrete playground where Negro boys played basketball in bitter cold and darkness, past the Puerto Rican funeral parlor to St. Edward's Reading Center.

The first Wednesday in May, one of the three remaining Wednesdays before the reading center would close for the year, Rita didn't show up. I worked instead with Flo-ellen Williams, a Negro girl of 12 whose clothing was the shabbiest I have ever seen. She wore a frayed, soiled converted man's white shirt for a blouse, and filthy threadbare white sneakers. She was a pleasant child, full of fun—until she was asked to read. How well she read or how poorly, this was a secret she guarded.

Rita was absent again the next Wednesday. I was concerned that her reading improvement would slip away—and also that I might not see her again. This time little Jennie Consuegro, aged nine, was assigned to me. Her orange-colored socks sagged around her ankles and there was a hole through the toe of her right shoe. Jennie had some vocabulary words for homework. The majority of the words were a world apart from Jennie's concrete and brick existence: rapids, gulf, pelt, cliff, lake. Lake was the only one she could relate to. "You mean like in Central Park?" she asked.

Through the next week I found myself wondering if Rita would turn up for the final session. Preparing for the possibility that she might not, I typed out a note reading:

"Dear Rita: Please come to the reading center tonight. If you don't come, I will not see you for a long time because after this week the reading center will not be open again until next fall. Your friend, Neal Ashby."

When I arrived at St. Edward's for the last time, I scanned the sidewalk across the street carefully. Sure enough, I recognized one of Rita's younger sisters at play. I called her, gave her the note, and asked her to take it to Rita. Then I went upstairs.

Rita did not appear. Tom Gullion said he understood she was being kept in as punishment by her parents. After a while the sister hurried into the room. She handed back my note. At the bottom of the sheet, Rita had scrawled:

"I'm sorry But I don't feel well. And can't go anyway. 'Sorry.'"

Disturbed and regretful, I tried to help two other youngsters: Raphael, who was extremely bright, and Roberto, who was still excited about a fire that had broken out in his project building that day.

It seemed the wrong way for me to end my tutoring tour of duty and my relationship with Rita. I went down the stairs and out to the street and looked across to the third-floor windows where Rita's family lived. A railed-in section of fire escape extended just below the windows.

I can only guess at what it meant, but there on the fire escape and framed in the open windows was Rita's entire family—father, mother, and all the kids—looking down in my direction. Out at the end of the fire escape, perched on the rail, sat Rita. She waved just slightly with the tips of her fingers and threw me the flicker of a smile.

I waved back and walked on down 109th Street toward the subway station. □

OUR

Haiku

VACATION

By KATHY MASH

*Ah, vacation time!
We waited expectantly
For this rest and peace.*



AMONG THE MOST precious of our family possessions is a collection of Haiku poems written when my minister-husband and I took our two preschoolers, Scott and Clay, and small black dog to Arkansas for a five-day stay in a cabin an uncle and aunt owned near Bull Shoals Lake.

We took the simplest of clothing, equipment, and supplies; we simply wanted to get away from the telephone, the television, and the committee meetings and to enjoy the basics of life and each other. We didn't take camera equipment because our budget wouldn't cover it. We are glad we didn't. We recorded our vacation in poetry, and that adventure helped us find the peace and awareness that we sought. And now our Haiku poems conjure up pictures in the mind's eye that are equal, even superior, we think, to any color slides.

We had discovered Haiku the summer before through some Methodist youth materials. Haiku has existed for centuries in Japan, though, and in the last 10 years or so it has become popular in America.

After we became aware of it, we discovered numerous books, booklets, and articles on it in book shops and on newsstands.

Haiku, pronounced Hi' ku, has only three lines. These are unmetered and unrhymed, but traditionally Haiku contains five syllables, no more, in the first line, exactly seven syllables in the second, and five syllables again in the third.

In Japanese poetry, Haiku is concerned with the poet's response to nature and the seasons. It transmits this by evoking images. Only the important outlines of these images appear; details are left to be supplied by the reader's own perception. Thus, Haiku should be read slowly, thoughtfully, and receptively.

Bob and I are not poets, nor are we experts on poetry, but we felt that the Haiku form offered us a creative opportunity. We learned that even the children could be led into putting their observations into Haiku form.

During our five-day vacation we wrote Haiku on

*Little red cabin
Nestled in the lakeside woods
Gives sanctuary.*



*Two boys—five and three.
So much to learn, life to live.
God's wonderful gift.*

*Winding, narrow road.
Rocks and hills and curves abound.
We go exploring.*



*Small white country church.
Green cemetery next door . . .
Neat and newly mown.*

*Hiking up creek bed.
Dry rocks clatter underfoot.
Where's the water gone?*

*Tiny rabbit sits
Nibbling grass, twitching pink ears.
He trusts that we're kind.*

*Quaint habitations,
Craftsmen working with nature
Always delight us!*

*Delicious coolness
Enveloping our bodies.
A swim in the lake.*

*Clear, shallow river.
High rock bluff rising above.
Beautiful to see!*



*Clusters of fruit trees
Proudly bending laden limbs,
Orchards of bounty.*

*Oh, Daddy Longlegs,
Harmless, yet so foreboding.
You frighten our boys!*

*Beautiful red ball
Suspended in evening sky,
Sinking out of view.*

*Lovely golden moon
Struggling to make itself known,
Half behind black clouds.*

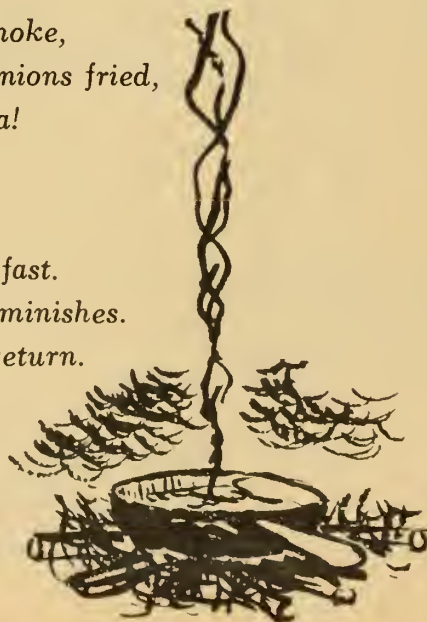


*God is great and good.
We see his wonderful world.
We will worship now.*

*Seated for supper
Under the apple tree shade,
We bow and pray: "Thanks!"*

*The smell of smoke,
Potatoes and onions fried,
What an aroma!*

*The days slip too fast.
Our time apart diminishes.
We're forced to return.*



shelf paper, the backs of old envelopes found in the glove compartment, crumpled paper torn from a small notebook. We wrote in the car, indoors in the cabin, outdoors at the lake, and on side trips. We wrote at the dinner table and in the middle of the night. The boys often suggested the theme for the next poem, which might unfold slowly from their father's lips as he drove. Or I would look at my children in a special moment of awareness and find a poem forming in my mind.

Writing these verses and many more made us live every moment of that vacation! To create them we examined our happiness, and in that awareness we discovered more happiness. Writing them, we became doubly aware of our blessings and found a greater realization of God's good gifts. Creating them made us practice thankfulness for life, and with it came deeper commitment and humility.

We think these same things can come to other families when they record their shared experiences in Haiku. The poems themselves do not have to be flawless. When our emotions go into them, they truly are ours, created out of love, thankfulness, and awareness together. □

JUDAS and US

By Gilbert W. Beeson, Jr.
Chaplain, U.S. Air Force, Europe

While he was still speaking, there came a crowd, and the man called Judas, one of the twelve, was leading them. He drew near to Jesus to kiss him; but Jesus said to him, "Judas, would you betray the Son of man with a kiss?"—Luke 22:47-48

MILITARY men need no explanation of the word "betrayal" for they know it as the most heinous, despicable act a man can perform. To betray one's comrade is tantamount to murder.

Perhaps the most dramatic betrayal ever recorded took place in the Garden of Gethsemane when Judas Iscariot, one of the 12 Apostles, led a band of Temple guards to the place where Jesus had gone to pray. With an embrace and a kiss, he identified his leader to the soldiers, and Jesus was seized for trial and execution.

Since that time the name Judas has become synonymous with treachery and betrayal. We do not name our sons Judas. It is an epithet of contempt and scorn. And yet, as Ronald E. Sleeth, in his book *Which Way to God?* [Abingdon, \$3], suggests, many Christians practice the faith of Judas. Says Dr. Sleeth: "We . . . know that Christian disciples continue to betray their Lord. Whenever we let prejudice rule our lives, we betray him. Whenever we let a political party, national policy, or anything else take priority over the Master, then we have betrayed him and let Judas' gospel become our gospel."

Motives for Betrayal

I wonder if Dr. Sleeth is right. Have many of us become Judas Christians?

Look at the motives of Judas. Why did he do it? After all, he was chosen by Jesus himself to be a disciple. Only a few hours before the betrayal, none of the other disciples suspected Judas. When Jesus revealed that he would be betrayed, each of the 12 turned to his Lord and asked, "Is it I?"

Perhaps the money tempted Judas, but I think not. A disciple would hardly betray his master for so paltry a sum as 30 pieces of silver. A man who has followed another through the wilderness of Galilee, who has

enjoyed the favor of his Master and fellow disciples, who has been involved in the intimate beginnings of a new religious movement does not betray his leader for the equivalent of a few dollars.

One of the most reasonable explanations presented by biblical scholars is that Judas became disillusioned with Jesus. Another Judas is linked with the Zealots, a secret organization of Jewish militants who wanted to use force to drive the Roman rulers out of their land. Perhaps Judas joined the followers of Jesus because he thought he had found a leader who could unite Israel and throw off the despised Roman yoke.

Some even have suggested that Judas was well intentioned in his betrayal. They say that he was forcing a confrontation between Jesus and the authorities, believing that Jesus then would show his power and conquer his foes.

Whatever were the personal thoughts of Judas, they have been lost to time and obscurity. But certainly something happened to Judas that changed his feelings about Jesus.

We are like that when we become disillusioned about life and about our faith. I remember visiting the shrine of another religion in Washington, D.C., several years ago. Our guide was a fanatical young convert from Christianity. He talked at length about Christ and the church, and how they had failed him. But he said very little about his newfound faith, and I sensed that he was



Judas—a block print by Robert Hodgell

not running to a new religion but away from Christianity.

For most of us the disillusionment with Christ is not so direct or so forceful. It is a quiet, subtle abandonment of him. We lose our feeling of the need for Christ. We begin to accept the way life is around us, and we discover that we are happy without a Christian approach to things. We discover that one doesn't need Christ to get a job, to have a family, and to enjoy himself. We drop our loyalties to Christian faith or we transfer them to something else. Perhaps we retain the title Christian, but we no longer have the commitment. Just as one gets tired of going to the Lion's club or playing bridge on Thursday night, one gets tired of Christ and decides to give him up.

Methods of Betrayal

Just how did Judas betray Jesus? Was it an act of defiance? Was there a great argument which led Judas to storm out, bent on revenge? No, he betrayed Jesus with a kiss. His betrayal took the form of a gesture of love. Just as he might embrace a member of his family after a lengthy separation, Judas ran to his Lord and performed this act of mock love.

Jesus' reply was simply: "Judas, would you betray the Son of man with a kiss?" But "betray" is not the most literal translation of the Greek verb *paradidas*. In normal usage it means "hand over" or "give up." So I prefer to translate it: "Judas, would you give me up with a kiss?" or "Would you hand me over with an embrace?"

When it is put that way, I must confess that I feel a definite kinship with Judas. When I betray Jesus, it most often seems to be in the name of love. When ordinary Christians betray their Lord, they do it under the guise of discipleship. Jesus is handed over to his enemies more frequently in the church than in any other place. When we participate regularly in church activities and say grace at every meal, but hold to beliefs and prejudices and desires that are clearly alien to Christian faith, we abandon Jesus with a kiss. All too ready are we to give him up—all in the name of Christianity.

When the betrayal had been completed and Jesus had been taken away, Judas realized what had happened. His repentance was great, his grief overbearing, his end tragic. According to one biblical account Judas threw the money on the Temple floor and rushed out to the nearest tree where he hanged himself. According to another tradition he bought a plot of land with the money, then fell or threw himself to the ground where he cut himself open and his entrails gushed out. We are not sure of the details, but we believe that Judas met some horrible death.

Results of Betrayal

What about us? When we realize that we have betrayed Christ, can we expect a tragic ending? *I think so—unless we accept Christ again!* As our betrayal is subtle, so the results of our betrayal are subtle. We hardly realize the tragic consequences of our acts.

The Covenant Players, a professional group specializing in contemporary Christian drama, have in their repertoire a short play which illustrates this situation. A man has died, and in the afterlife he finds himself seated in a luxurious room. By his side is an attendant who has the power to give him anything he desires. Suddenly the man exclaims, "I'm bored! I've had everything, been everywhere, done everything! I have 10 yachts, 20 sports

cars, 50 platinum watches. But they're all just things. They have no meaning." Then, with a curious expression on his face, he says, "I know. I want to go to the other place. I want to go to hell!" The attendant looks puzzled. Then he remarks, "Why, Mr. Smith, I thought you understood. This *is* hell."

Go to a cocktail party. See a contemporary play. Read a modern novel. Over and over again you will hear people saying that life is pointless, devoid of meaning, useless, purposeless. This is what happens when you give up God. You give up life as well. You doom yourself, and maybe some who follow you, to mere existence. Value, purpose, and meaning are all swallowed up by life. In the long run we do not betray our Lord; we betray ourselves, for it is we who need him.

Is there a moral? You and I *need* Christ! We can't afford to give him up. So let us look at ourselves and our daily practice of Christianity. Are we faithful to our Lord? Or are we Judas Christians who in subtle or blatant ways deny the Christ we profess to love? □

+ + +

CONFESSION

+ I dimly see this fugitive who steals
into the altar glow, unpracticed there,
not knowing any formula for prayer,
unversed in ritual, who thus appeals
his condemnation even as he kneels
in clumsy attitude; he would repair
the stumbling by ascending one more stair
to prove the penitence he vaguely feels.
I recognize him now, for it is I
who mumble inarticulately, who
belatedly attempt to rectify
past insincere avowals, trying to
thereby eradicate each wordless lie,
each act of disaffection to undo.

—Robert B. Taft

+ + +

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



Can a true Christian avoid taking controversial stands?

✦ "True Christian" is hard to define because we all are at various points along the way. The nearer one comes to Christ, the more he realizes how imperfect he is before Him who is "all of man that I could ever be and all of God that I can hope to see."

When a Christian sees this clearly, he can say that to follow Christ faithfully in a world like ours is itself a controver-

sial stand. One does not have to go out and look for a cause. Christ stands before our culture both in love and in judgment. When we follow him seriously in ministry to the poor, the sick, and the disinherited, the world does not like it. This is why Jesus said, "Blessed are you when men revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account" (Matthew 5:11).

Is a church building essential for a congregation?

✦ For most Christian communities, some kind of building usually is essential, but there are exceptions. The early church had some of its most glorious days as a mobile community of believers who did great things in the name of Christ. At its best the church is both a gathered com-

munity and a scattered community, whose members represent it through their lives and their works. Sometimes a building can be a hindrance. But if a building is rightly used, it can enhance both worship in the place of gathering and service out in the world.

What is so revolutionary about Christ?

✦ Christ himself—his nature, his life, his ministry—was revolutionary. Many of our Lord's teachings were not unique. He relied freely upon the teachings in the Old Testament. He was not the only great teacher. Yet Jesus was revolutionary

because he clearly revealed the nature of God and because he lived a life of complete obedience to his Father. Such devotion was bound to conflict with human wills and structures. He was the kind of revolutionary relevant in every age.

Is it possible to prove that God exists?

✦ No. Such "proof," even if it could be intellectually airtight, would not prove very much. God is not a series of abstract ideas to be confirmed or rejected impersonally. Our aim should not be intellectual proof but having faith in and

experiencing God as he is revealed in Christ.

When sound belief and experience are realized, proof is unnecessary. When there is no belief, trying to prove God's existence is futile.

Letters

OLD LIBERAL-FUNDAMENTALIST ARGUMENTS REVIVED BY ARTICLE

I was most disheartened to read *There Are Two Churches* by Lloyd A. Berg in the May issue [page 24].

All this article does is raise all of the old liberal-fundamentalist arguments that some of us had hoped were buried beneath the love of God in Christ. If people take it seriously, they will begin looking around at one another with a wary eye. Even the last six paragraphs do not offset the hurt of the rest.

I hope no one takes this article seriously. It certainly does not carry within it the love of our Lord. I really pity Mr. Berg that he found it necessary to write an article such as this; and I am ashamed that *Together* would print it.

RONALD A. GREILICH, Pastor
Albany United Methodist Church
Albany, Calif.

CONSERVATIVE EVANGELICAL FINDS HIMSELF 'B' NOT 'A'

Together has been out of it for quite some time. I am sure you are aware of a new breed of young conservative evangelicals within our church—essentially a voiceless minority. But to illustrate how impossible are the old clichés of an equally old old guard one needs merely to read *There Are Two Churches* by Lloyd A. Berg. After totting up lists "A" and "B" and from them coming up with my own "C" list, I discovered that in most cases I was your author's more liberal type. That, however, is not my fault, but his.

I have a wide acquaintanceship

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

with conservative evangelicals and, except for theology, they, too, would feel more B than A. For example, many Intersociety groups on campuses across the country have used Bonhoeffer's *Life Together* as retreat studies.

Obviously your writer either doesn't know his ABCs or fishes his letters out of a soup he hasn't sampled. No wonder many of us, like young reader T. J. Osgood [see 'No Message of Salvation,' May, page 71], would rather recommend *Christian Life* to our people. I also endorse *Moody Monthly*, *Decision*, *This Day*, *Good News*, and other conservative evangelical publications for the general lay reader.

DALE A. SANDERS, Pastor
The United Methodist Church
Bartley, Neb.

'BEACON IN THE DARKNESS'

I think *Together* is to be commended for the leadership it offers. Too often the church is the last institution to accept, much less to assert, the true message of Christ.

One wants to believe (or hope) that the violently racist letters you sometimes print could not possibly come from churchgoing folk.

Keep up the good work. Your magazine is a beacon in the darkness of ignorance, fear, and bigotry.

BYRON H. WISE
Memphis, Tenn.

DEBUNKING THE FAMOUS NOT TOGETHER'S STYLE

I think it was a disservice to Methodism to allow the publication of Ruth Smith Baron's article *John Wesley's Folly* [May, page 66].

The present vogue of debunking the renown of famous personages should be left to the public prints or the gossip columns, certainly not to such uplift magazines as *Together*.

BESSIE M. SEELY
Cincinnati, N.Y.

'DON'T LET THE WORLD'S BIAFRAS BE FORGOTTEN'

I have read *Biafra! A Tragedy in Progress* [May, page 6], and I am glad to see that there are some people who will tell it like it is to all those people who sit at home and try to forget that Biafra exists.

I am 16 and plan someday to be a minister. It bothers me that so many people do not even know there is such a place as Biafra. This summer I want to devote my time to helping people and not just goofing off. I want to help the people of Biafra, and I want to expose war as it really is. I want to show all those nice Christian people the faces of starving children, and the look on the faces of mothers as they hold their dead children in their arms; and I want to show them the pictures of maternity wards after they have been bombed.

Then I want them to tell me that war is necessary and that it can't be helped. I want to show people what I think of a government that says nothing can be done for the Biafrans. I want to make them ashamed of tossing away food while children are starving. I want them to know that God does not want children to starve while his followers are fat and satisfied.

Please keep up the good work, and don't let anyone forget that Biafra does exist and that it exists in more than one place in more than one way. Never let people forget that they have a Christian obligation to help those in need.

HOWARD MAGUIRE
Rockbridge, Ill.

GIVE STUDENTS 'CLEAN, NONSUBVERSIVE MATERIAL'

The April issue of *Together* contained a news item that the Rev. B. J. Stiles has resigned as editor of *motive* magazine because of "subtle pressures." [See 'motive' Magazine Looks for New Sponsor, April, page 8.]

Not having been closely associated with colleges nor college life, I had not been aware that *motive* even existed until I recently obtained a copy. It seems to me after reading it that some of the publications being placed in the hands of our youth by our cherished United Methodist Church are leading them away from the Christian faith instead of drawing them to it.

I don't know what kind nor how great the "pressures" have been upon Mr. Stiles, but if this nation is to survive, we God-fearing people will be compelled to stand up and be counted. In my opinion, if *motive*

continues to be published, it should contain clean, nonsubversive material worthy of bearing the name of being published by The United Methodist Church.

MRS. WILBUR ASHCRAFT
Brandenburg, Ky.

APRIL COVER INSPIRED BANNERS FOR EASTER

I must say thank you for the April cover of *Together*. Its impact was so strong that I went out and bought felt to make two banners for home-size wall hangings. Then I added my own touch—"TOGETHER" in apple green at the bottom to tie in with the large green "SING."

I knew our minister would understand why I had to do this—he is a transplanted art major. He liked one of the banners so much that instead of hanging it in his study, he used it at the altar for Easter. So you made our Easter!

Your covers are extraordinary and beautiful.

MRS. FRED M. BLASER
Seattle, Wash.

AN APPROPRIATE COVER: SINGING MADE THE DIFFERENCE

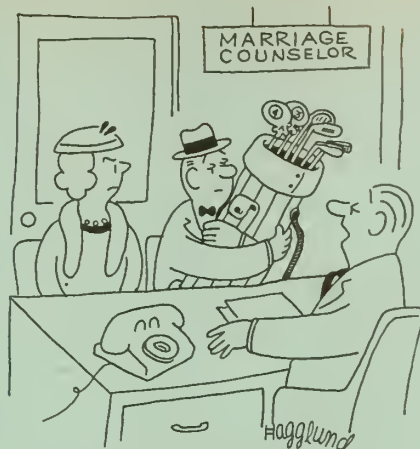
How appropriate your April cover was in connection with a project undertaken by the Young Adult Class of our Oakley United Methodist Church. (I am the class teacher.)

In an effort to serve, the class is working with other churches to create an "outpost mission," and a spaghetti dinner was put on by the class to raise funds. It was most successful (\$120 profit), but the clean-up job was the high point of the evening.

Facing the stack of dirty dishes, they sang—hymns, folks songs, popular songs. They sang through the pots and pans; they sang as they swept the floors, stacked the chairs, folded the tables, and burned the trash. As they left the church, tired and so weary they could hardly stand up, they repeated over and over: "It was worth the effort." The singing made the difference.

For an opening meditation the following Sunday morning, I read to the class the words from your April cover: "If the song is to continue / We must do the singing."

MRS. RUTH HUGHES
Kansas City, Mo.



"Now, then, what seems
to be the difficulty?"

MORE COMPASSION FOR UNWED MOTHERS GREATLY NEEDED

I have just read the excellent article *Mission to Unwed Mothers* [February, page 54] by Willmon L. White and George P. Miller. I cannot applaud this article enough.

Four years ago I was an unwed mother, so I know firsthand the agonizing experiences about which Mr. White wrote. At that time there was no facility in my area such as the United Methodist Mission Home of Texas in San Antonio, so I went to a facility maintained by one of the organizations mentioned near the end of Mr. White's article. Never have I been treated with such lack of compassion and so much interest in my ability to pay.

Fortunately, I never lost sight of the church. But how I wish there were more compassion for women in this situation. Usually a woman feels more than enough remorse within herself. It seems to me unnecessary for her to suffer the indignation of those who are "on the outside looking in."

However, I do not feel less valuable because of my experience. I learned from it. Today I am happily married and grateful for the strength and insight which I gained from the birth of my daughter.

I pray that The United Methodist Church will become more involved in this social concern and make a reality the compassion that is so much a part of the spirit of the church.

NAME WITHHELD

CORRECTION OF ZIONIST CLAIMS LONG OVERDUE

Thank you for publishing the splendid articles by A. C. Forrest on the Palestinian refugees. [See *Exiles From the Promised Land and Facts and Falsehoods*, April, pages 50-57.] This emphasis is long overdue in our United Methodist periodicals. The Zionist claims have been so repeatedly and thoroughly aired in this country that perhaps it is too late to correct the false impressions about the Near East crisis.

Having spent more than two years in the area during four trips and having lived among both Israelis and Arabs, I would strongly affirm the observations made by Mr. Forrest. Unless something radical is done soon to enforce the UN decision of November 22, 1967, unending bloodshed will be the lot of the Near East for years to come.

Our leaders in Washington are surrounded by powerful Zionist forces, so it will take great pressure from concerned Christians to break through the barriers. Another Viet Nam situation is in the making in the Near East as a result of our deep commitments to Israel. Let us use our influence to help our government, as well as Israel, to see the folly of the Zionist intentions and urge them to turn toward concern for their responsibilities to the Palestinian Arabs.

JOHN C. TREVER
Professor of Religion
Baldwin-Wallace College
Berea, Ohio

ARABS' THREAT TO DESTROY ISRAEL STILL STANDS

A. C. Forrest's claims respecting responsibility for the Arab refugees were refuted by a high Arab official long before they were uttered: "That there are these refugees is the direct consequence of the unanimous action of the Arab States in opposing partition and the Jewish State" (Emil Ghoury, secretary of the Palestine Arab Higher Executive, September 6, 1948).

In 1969 the cause of the refugee problem remains the same: the Arab campaign to destroy Israel, in flagrant denial of the UN resolution of November 22, 1967.

Most revealingly, Mr. Forrest makes no mention at all of the 700,000

Jewish refugees from Arab countries or of the terrible sufferings and persecution of Jews in those lands today. Among the author's many factual distortions is the implication that Israel has not accepted the UN resolution. The contrary is the case.

I submit that in fairness to its readers, *Together* ought to present future articles that will show the other side of this dreadful problem. Many Christian scholars view the matter in ways quite apposed to Mr. Forrest.

A. ROY ECKARDT, Editor
Journal of the American
Academy of Religion
Bethlehem, Pa.

ARAB REFUGEES: AN ISSUE MANY PUBLICATIONS ESCHIEW

I am struck by the magnificently courageous article by A. C. Forrest on the Arab refugees. This is the most forthright, articulate, and significant article that has appeared on this subject in any church-sponsored publication which I have seen. It is a matter of great comfort to me to see the Christian Church witnessing for the right in one of the major moral issues of our time—an issue which many publications such as yours would eschew as too controversial. I commend you and hope that you will convey my felicitations to the author.

BERTRAM C. COOPER
Arlington, Va.

MOST CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS 'PURE COWARDS,' SHE THINKS

The April article *A Minister Challenges the Draft* [page 26] made me sick. If the news media would refuse to add glamour to such men as the Rev. Robert G. Olmstead, their acts would cease.

I am all for conscientious objectors having the right to object, but I also think there are very few true conscientious objectors. The others are pure cowards.

If Mr. Olmstead bases his objections to the military draft on the "chasm" between himself and his congregation because of his exemption as a minister, there is a simple solution: He could volunteer (since he seems to have no objections to a volunteer army).

He feels that the rules of the military are all mixed up. (I think all of us agree they are not perfect.)

Has he ever considered that maybe he could do "his thing" in military service to help correct some of the wrongs there? I must confess, though, that I am thankful he is not a chaplain to my son in Viet Nam.

MRS. JOHN CALLAHAN
Kernersville, N.C.

ON 'MINISTER CHALLENGES DRAFT': 'CHURCH HAS TOO MANY ANSWERS'

God help me.
I know killing is wrong.
I know duty to my country.
How do I teach my children?
The church has too many answers.
It seems to have no answers for me.
Do I lack understanding?
Do I lack faith?

MRS. GLORY DEVLIN
Sawyers Bar, Calif.

WOULD VICTORY JUSTIFY DESTRUCTION OF VIET NAM?

I was glad to read *A Minister Challenges the Draft* and must commend the Rev. Bob Olmstead for his prophetic stand against the draft system and against the immoral act of our government in Viet Nam.

In Viet Nam the United States has committed atrocities against prisoners of war, slaughtered civilians in striking at guerrillas, destroyed villages to get rid of a few snipers, bombarded undefended cities and towns, used chemicals to defoliate jungle areas and destroy crops, driven hundreds of thousands of people from their homes into strategic villages (actually squalid concentration camps), and abandoned civilian war victims in a country little better than a medical jungle.

All these practices are outlawed by the Hague Conventions of 1907 and the Geneva Conventions of 1929 and 1949. All these conventions are recognized by our government.

Military necessity is the plea always made in defense of such violations of the laws of war. Winning the war is all-important; winning is the first and the great law for generals and superpatriots.

There is another plea: the saving of lives—American lives. Asiatic lives don't matter—at least not much.

The American people need to know what is being done in their name in Viet Nam. We need to know that the

ratio of civilian to military casualties is perhaps 10 to 1. We need to ask ourselves: Is victory so important that we are justified in destroying an Asiatic nation in order to defeat the enemy?

International law relies chiefly on self-enforcement. The restraining force is moral outrage. Let us not say that international law has fallen short. We must admit the truth: we as a people have fallen short in our moral outrage.

FLOYD MULKEY
Chicago, Ill.

TO CLARIFY: THERE ARE TWO ROBERT G. OLMSTEADS

Help! I'm having an identity crisis.

I have just received a letter telling me how I, Robert G. Olmstead, am such a sterling fellow, as described in the April pages of *Together*. The truth is that Robert G. Olmstead, the subject of your article and a contributor to the *National Catholic Reporter*, is an entirely different person from me, Robert G. Olmstead, news editor of the *National Catholic Reporter*. (No, the middle initials don't help; I understand his, like mine, stands for George.)

I don't mind being praised for the virtues of your Robert G. Olmstead. He seems entirely decent except for a reluctance to change his name just because I'm older and had it first. But I would appreciate your setting the record straight for your readers. ROBERT G. OLMSTEAD, News Editor
National Catholic Reporter
Kansas City, Mo.

Glad to—with apologies to both Messrs. Olmstead for the confusion.
—Your Editors

On the grassy brink of Lake Morton, across the street from their Lakeland home, Martha and Del Lemmon feed waterfowl in a picture worthy of a Florida real-estate brochure. But the couple finds much more to do during retirement years that have become both busy and personally rewarding.



For Del and Martha Lemmon, retirement is . . .

A Time to Enjoy

IT IS roughly 390 million miles from giant Jupiter's mysterious Red Spot to the lens of Del Lemmon's telescope in the backyard of his home in Lakeland, Fla.

From Martha Lemmon's poinsettias to Saturn's glowing rings, the distance is roughly 800 million miles.

And, of course, the nearest star beyond our solar system is so far away that its light left there four years ago when Del was a county school administrator in the Akron,

Ohio, area, facing the dread uncertainties of cancer.

Such things are adequate reasons for wonder and thanksgiving to the genial couple who live in a beige-colored Permastone house facing Lake Morton on the edge of Lakeland's business district. Del's malignancies are gone, thanks to skilled surgery and, he believes, to the prayers of many friends. Now, as grandparents 10 times over, the two would be top-notch models for any



An advanced amateur astronomer who builds his own telescopes, Del Lemmon enjoys sharing with others the nighttime wonders of space—the rings of Saturn, the phases of Venus, the many moons of Jupiter, the great galaxies that roll millions of light years distant. Since retiring early after surgery, he spends many of his daytime hours studying sunspots and prominences with his sun scope (below.)



book bearing the title *How to Be Healthy, Happy—And Active—in Retirement*.

In a sense, Akron now is as far away as the gaseous nebula Orion and the ring nebula of Lira—two of Del Lemmon's favorite wonders in the fathomless reaches of space. But within days after reaching their retirement home in Lakeland two years ago, the Lemmons were in the thick of things.

"We didn't go about in the conventional way," says Martha. "You know, the Welcome Wagon, Newcomers Club, and the like. Our first step was to find a church."

As United Methodists, they visited several, finally joining First Church which is within easy walking distance of their front door. The rest was easy. Soon Martha was on the official board, the commission on membership and evangelism, and was serving as Women's Society secretary of spiritual growth. Del became a member of the commission on education, the music committee, and sometimes teacher of adult classes.

"So retirement hasn't meant inactivity for either of us," he says, adding that he believes civic responsibilities are second only to those of the church. He belongs to Lakeland's 175-member Kiwanis Club, and is chairman of its committee for church support.

Retirement, Del Lemmon believes, is a time for quiet meditation, for study, for pursuing interests and avocations—those he never had time enough to enjoy fully when he was assistant superintendent in charge of teacher employment and personnel in the heavily populated Summit Country area around Akron.

His interests include astronomy, biology, and geology. For years he has built his own telescopes for extensive observations of the moon, the sun, planets, distant star clusters, and galaxies.

Both Martha and Del are college educated, both the products of small-town life. He majored in biology and the physical sciences, did graduate work at Ohio State, and taught in the Dover, Ohio, schools. He served there 8 years as science teacher, 11

years as principal, and 11 years as superintendent before joining the Summit County school system.

Mrs. Lemmon may properly call herself a "preacher's kid," although her father was not a minister. Most of her childhood and young womanhood was spent with an uncle and aunt, the late Rev. and Mrs. Parren U. Hawkins, from whom she inherited the 55-year-old Lakeland home, now extensively refurbished.

"I come from a large family, and it was possible for my parents to share me and some of the other children with my uncle and aunt, who had no children," she explains.

"As a PK, so to speak, I became used to moving around from town to town in a Methodist conference. So it was easy for us to fit in with the church people of Lakeland instead of feeling that we were moving in among strangers."

There were problems, of course, and most retired couples face them. "One was moving so far away from our three daughters and the grandchildren," Martha says. "But we do get to see them about twice a year."

"The other," Del breaks in with a smile, "was Martha's having me around the house most of the time. But my workshop keeps me pretty well out from under her broom."

The workshop is well equipped, full of tools accumulated over many years. There is a metal-working lathe which Del bought for a bargain some 13 years ago from another man who was headed for retirement in Florida. Working with the lathe, he builds his telescopes out of such materials as irrigation pipe, aluminum castings, and pieces of metal from his scrap box. At one time he made his own telescopic mirrors and lenses, but now he buys them.

"A six-inch telescopic mirror takes about 100 hours of work—all by hand," he explains. "And I don't think I have that much time to spare."

A frank and forward-speaking man, somewhat in contrast to his more retiring wife, Del's brown eyes sparkle behind his glasses when he speaks of the wonders yet to be explored in the universe. Del (for Delmar) has intensified his study of the sun since



As active Methodists for many years in the Akron area, Martha and Del Lemmon found 14 United Methodist churches (plus more than 125 of other denominations) in Lakeland, population about 50,000. They took up where they left off, joined First United Methodist Church near their home. Below: Martha, whose hobby is sewing, picks azaleas that bloom in their yard.





Hale and hearty as they approach their mid-60s, the Lemmons enjoy exploring attractions near their Lakeland home. One is the campus of United Methodist-related Florida Southern College on beautiful Lake Hollingsworth. In its Garden of Meditation is this Hindu temple, brought from India by the late Bishop Frederick Bohn Fisher.

moving to Florida. In this project—devoted mainly to the observation of sun spots and prominences—he works closely with another advanced amateur astronomer, his friend Malcom Maner of Tampa.

While the city lights of Lakeland hinder extensive night observation of what Del terms “the deep sky wonders,” many a night finds him in his backyard, often surrounded by groups of young people or older friends, turning one of his telescopes on the moon, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, or the beautiful rings of Saturn.

“We have worked directly or indirectly with young people most of our lives,” he says. “We like to have them around. Our guests often include students from Florida Southern College, a United Methodist-related institution, as well as some from the local high school. Two boys come from Tampa and Orlando.

“We often talk of the possibility of life somewhere out there in the unimaginable vastness of our universe. More and more astronomers are coming to believe there is extra-terrestrial life, that we are not alone, that there is life elsewhere. Our sun is a very ordinary one, really, and there are innumerable others like it that very well could have planets suitable for life. We can only wonder, of course, because these suns are too far away to permit discovery of any planetary systems.”

Meanwhile, there are two lives to live on earth at 58 Lake Morton Drive in Lakeland, Fla. The Lemmons began their preparations long ago. If

they seem to have retired successfully, it is because of outlooks and philosophies developed through the years.

"We believe we were placed on earth by God with the responsibility and duty to expand the kingdom of God in whatever ways we can," Del says. "We have found that our retirement offers many opportunities for us to do this."

Just the same, retirement doesn't always turn out so successfully. There are many practical considerations, even for those who seek to serve—as Del and Martha do—in both church and community.

Financial problems must be faced realistically, long before they are met face to face. As a former school administrator, Del's pension is adequate, bolstered by early investments. Inflation has taken its toll, however, and will continue to do so.

But there is no real cause to worry—nor is there time, for the Lemmons prepared for retirement in another, supremely important way.

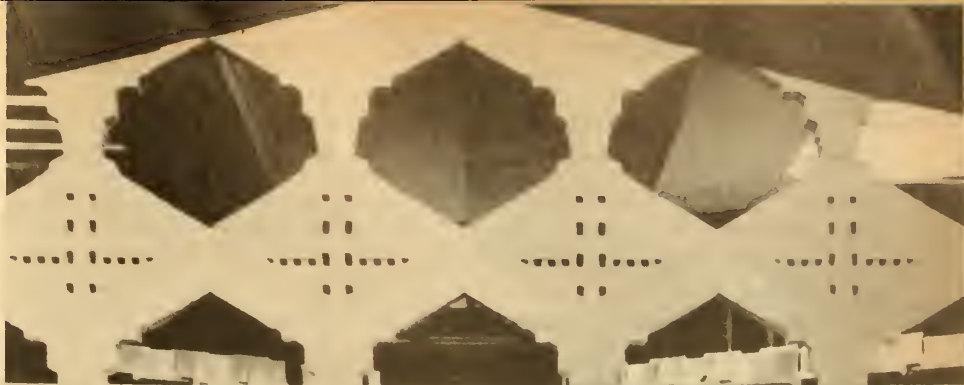
Thus they fill their work-free hours with service, friendships, and hobbies. Del has lectured at the Florida Southern planetarium. He looks forward to other, more specialized telescopes. He likes to climb a nearby hill to watch the great rockets take off from Cape Kennedy 100 miles away. He makes closeup color pictures of flowers and insects. Someday soon he hopes to explore microscopic life, to photograph it, and share the results with his friends, particularly the young ones.

"Then both hobbies—astronomical and microscopic—will lend themselves beautifully to point out in a subtle way how God reveals himself to us," he says. "Whether we are viewing heavenly bodies in the vastness of space or observing tiny plants and animals, God rules them all; and yet he is concerned with our human innermost thoughts and feelings."

Del and Martha Lemmon don't preach to people. But Del points out, "We just invite them to come and look closer at God's handiwork—to suggest in a casual way that God is working his wonders around us every day.

"Isn't it wonderful that we are permitted to wonder at such things?"

—Herman B. Teeter



Touring the Florida Southern campus with O. B. Fanning, veteran church newsman, Del and Martha study Pfeiffer Chapel, one of 10 FSC buildings designed by famed architect Frank Lloyd Wright. Below: The Lemmons' refrigerator door is a bulletin board displaying snapshots of their 10 grandchildren, all of whom live far away.



Teens

By DALE WHITE

ONE PROMISING and attractive quality in youth today is their openness. They tend to agree with Robert Frost when he says, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall; that wants it down." They are uncomfortable in the presence of bigotry or barriers between people:

"I am a Protestant girl of 17 years, born and raised a Methodist. Ever since I can remember, my parents have tried to instill in me anti-Catholic feelings because of their own prejudices against the [Roman] Catholic religion. I can recall, as a first-grader, picking fun at a Catholic friend as a result of talk I had heard at home of their religion. I continued to have such feelings through the remainder of my school years . . . you might say I was taught to look down on Catholics.

"Why? Because my parents have always resented their religion. My father isn't even a member of a church, doesn't attend church, but he still feels that the Catholic Church is out 'to conquer.' In other words, he feels that the church is out to convert everyone to their religion because they think they are the one and only. Both my parents look with distaste at the Catholic beliefs and rituals, mainly because they know so little about them.

"Until now they have tried to feed me their prejudices with the hopes that I will develop similar ones. But I won't. I have gotten to the point where I like to think for myself, and I have been doing a lot of thinking lately.

"I can't understand this world of religion that my parents and people of their kind believe in. Christianity has become so tangled up in fences—fences marking the boundaries between this church and that church. It's gotten to the point where people don't think of God—they think of their own individual little church with its fancy name. I don't believe the name of the church matters, nor do little rituals and the like matter, because I believe in God!

"But my parents won't have any of



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1964 by Warner Press, Inc.

"The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters and 773,893 words! . . . How about that for a bit of useless theological information?"

my own feelings. If I turned Catholic, my father would probably never speak to me again, and my mother would be extremely unhappy, even if she knew I was happy. And I think I would be happy; at least, just as happy as I am now as a Protestant.

"Right now I have been going with a wonderful Catholic boy, and I would not hesitate to change to his religion if this was the only thing that stood between us and happiness. We have been going together for almost a year so we know each other very well. I have learned much about his religion and discovered that many of the things that my parents have told me are far from the truth.

"We would like to marry someday but not until we have finished college and the service. I am still a Christian and that is all that matters to me. I wish my parents felt that way, too. . . Right now, I really do need a ward or two from someone like you to help me through times like this, when my parents' views on religion and my own views clash head on in a violent open war. Please, I would like you to tell me your own views if you could. I think it might help!"

Since the Second Vatican Council, the winds of change have been blowing through the Roman Catholic Church in amazing ways. Protes-

tant churches are changing, too. Anyone who assumes he knows all about Catholic-Protestant relationships on the basis of impressions he gained a few years ago will be acting on false information.

A new ecumenical spirit is breaking down old barriers at a rapid pace. A new appreciation for one another and a willingness to iron out differences is emerging. This is no time to allow *rigor mortis* to freeze our opinions.

I would encourage young people to make a serious study of these issues. Interfaith marriages can still cause problems in many ways. Careful and realistic thought and counsel should go into any decision to change faiths or to marry across faith lines.

aa

I am a girl, 13. Last fall at our school I had an opportunity to ask a boy to a dance, so I invited someone I have known for five years. He seemed quite pleased.

I don't like the way they "slow dance" at our school—the boys and girls just hang over each other and rock back and forth. So when my date asked me to slow dance, I

refused as politely as I knew how.

I knew his ego was injured, but I wasn't prepared for what happened the next day. He had told all his friends that I was "scared to get close to boys." Maybe he is right, but his remarks have affected more than my pride. I love to dance and be with people. Since this incident, though, I have been ignored by most of his friends. I missed the biggest dance of the year for lack of invitation. His friendship means a lot. How can I be his friend again and still get him to understand my views?—J.N.

Maybe you can't. He seems to have such a brittle ego right now that he swings wildly about in all directions when he feels the least bit threatened. I think you have every right to define the limits of intimacy which you are prepared to accept on a date, whether in a parked car or on a dance floor. He owes you an apology for making statements which were meant to hold you up to ridicule before other kids.

Possibly when he simmers down you can have a quiet talk about the whole thing. No doubt slow dancing has a different meaning for him and you have not yet communicated your reservations about it in a way that he can understand. It may be that he feels you broke faith with him by inviting him to a dance without warning him ahead of time that you did not intend to slow dance. If each of you can really listen to what the other person is feeling, you may mend the relationship yet.

Qa

I have venereal disease. I know I must have it treated soon, but I don't know how to go about it. I don't think I should tell my parents about it because they would, I feel, be ashamed of me, and our relationship would never again be the same.

I think I should buy a car and get it treated myself, secretly and pay for it out of my job. What is your advice?—P.G.

Most communities have medical arrangements to handle your kind of problem. Call a local physician and explain your situation. He can tell you where you can get treatment without everyone knowing about it, and within the limits of

your bankroll. Since venereal disease is usually seen where kids are being promiscuous, this is a good time to do some serious soul-searching about the way you are managing your sexual interests.

Qa

This letter is written from one teen-age girl to another. I will tell how I am successfully changing what seemed only yesterday a hopeless, boyless situation!

It used to be that boys didn't even know I was alive. I just wasn't as popular as I know I could have been. So here is what I've been doing to overcome my problem of self-consciousness.

First of all, how do you as an individual evaluate yourself? Doesn't a boy rate a girl as she rates herself? If you think of yourself as a brain, that is how he will think of you. And if you think of yourself as merely a "good friend," that is all you will become to him, whether you like it or not. Just stress your girlishness in your own way. Believe in yourself and like yourself as a girl, and you will be treated like one.

Maybe you should need this certain boy, simply because he is a boy. If you listen to his troubles, talk and laugh with him, but fail to make him feel he has something to give you, he will not want to get to know you. Where should you start?

Use your own talents to his advantage. Ask his advice about problems you're having, and he will be flattered that you came to him.

When you are talking with him, really listen with your eyes, your ears, and your heart. Be sincere and he will admire you for it. Won't your interest in his ideas make him feel important? Someone once told me, "The less a boy feels like a boy with a girl, the less of a girl she becomes to him."

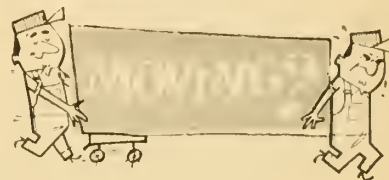
If you are just good friends with a boy and you would like him to notice you as a girl, remember:

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MISCELLANEOUS

FOOD, FELLOWSHIP AND FUN for nondrinking families who really want to relax. Join us this summer and unwind. Brochure. Outlook Farm, RD 2, Windsor, N. Y. 13865.

VISIT LOVELY LANE THE Mother Church of American Methodism and the Museum of the Methodist Historical Society, St. Paul & 22nd Streets, Baltimore, Maryland 21218.

When you begin treating this boy differently by asking for his help he may back off. Expect this. He will eventually realize that the "change" is the real you. And there's a very good chance he'll be back. Don't give up!

Smile! You will be filled with a new warmth that others will recognize. A smile will let him know you are proud to be with him. A smile will let that shy boy know you find him attractive.

Recognize that a boy's needs often change. If you are one of those girls who, like me, are waiting for a certain boy who is not quite ready for you yet . . . be patient! Who knows, one of these days he might finally turn and take notice of the real you.—B.D.

I especially like your insight about self-acceptance and self-respect. The best gift any of us can give to another is his own spontaneous self—no masks or pretenses. But we can't give ourselves unless we feel the gift is worthy to be received.



I wanted to share something with you and the girl who finally found Christ, after having two illegitimate children [Teens Together, January, page 52].

My experience was much the same as hers. I was 16 when I became pregnant. It was just a year ago last month that my son was born. And though I had only one child the Lord must have watched over me, or I would have had another. Like her, I kept defeating myself with sex. Loneliness became my only friend. Oh, I had friends. I just couldn't see them. I was alone in a crowd. I had a taste of hell itself. All my self-worth was gone, and there was literally no one. I was at the bottom of that pit everyone talks about.

Then Jesus reached down his hand and used one of his followers. I certainly believe God sent this boy to me so that I could know the Savior once again. Jesus guides our relationship now, and he has become the center of our lives.

I'll never know exactly why I did those things. I'm sure there were many reasons. But with the help of people like my social worker, my sisters, and my boyfriend, I found Christ alive in this world.—G.F.

We are grateful for your witness. You are now one of those special persons who have returned from the valley of the shadow. Your life can bring a rich ministry of love to others drifting toward lostness.



I am a boy, 16, and in the 10th grade. I want very much to be a United Methodist minister. There are very few church activities that I am not a part of. This is my problem:

I feel that my life is not worth living without serving God in this way. I know that he is calling me to do his work. However, I am a C student in school and worried about college. I know that I can make the grade in college because I am very interested in religion, the Bible, people, and the church, but not interested in high school. I have tried to cut my church activities but can't. This is my life and I would be lost without it. Can I possibly get into college and seminary this way? What can I do?—J.B.

As you know, to become a fully qualified professional clergyman, you will need four years of college and three or four years of theological studies. My experience is that the ministry today is so demanding that you will be grateful for every hour spent in disciplined preparation for it. And you will look forward to a lifetime of continuing education in order to keep up with new developments.

Neglect of your studies now will handicap you all along the line. You do not have to be an A student to become a minister. But, good study habits and the ability to do advanced academic work is essential. Without these you should consider other ways in which to serve God and the church. Every person can have a rich Christian ministry, whatever his occupation. Also, correspondence courses are available to qualify you as a lay minister if you wish to go that route.

•

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068.
—Your Editors

TV & Films

"YOU CAN TAKE Salem out of the country but—" The question is whether you can take Salem out of the country's airwaves.

The Federal Communications Commission says it intends to try. The board chairman of Philip Morris says if it does, "We shall take it to court." Opinion pollster Louis Harris says Americans favor banning cigarette advertising from TV and radio by 5 to 4.

The Tobacco Institute calls the proposal "arbitrary in the extreme." The American Cancer Society hails it as an important first step. Madison Avenue, keeping its cool, is quick to point out alternatives. After all, everyone is diversifying. The American Tobacco Company is changing its name to American Brands. We all have had cigarette jingles engraved in our brains, so why not play the music, throw in a catch phrase or two and advertise a manly deodorant for Marlboro country, or fashions for U.S. visitors to Parliament?

In the midst of the uproar, there is much discussion of "rights," "civic responsibilities," "social proprieties," and the like. It would be interesting to see how nine black-robed judges in Washington would apply the Constitutional guarantees of free speech to cigarette ads.

The crux of this controversy, however, is economic. A lot of people are making a mint out of menthol and plain—\$236 million in advertising on radio and TV last year.

The broadcasters are in a bit of a box here. They cannot go to Washington one month and suggest that the portrayal of violence on TV has no effect upon the viewing audience—particularly on viewers of young and impressionable age—and then return another month to suggest that cigarette advertising has no adverse effect upon formation of habit patterns of the population in general and of youth in particular.

Still, what has been suggested by media researchers may prove true here also: namely, that personal influences have determinative effect usually, and TV does not. Great Britain banned televised cigarette advertising in 1965. Yet, according to the surveys, all age groups but one increased their consumption following the ban. Similar increases have occurred in Italy where there has been a TV ban since 1962.

Obviously if TV commercials are denied the tobacco industry, that \$236 million in advertising is going to go somewhere.

Personally, I would not wish to make any predictions about what you can take Salem out of—or what real difference it would make if you could. The real difference will be made in our homes, churches, and schools. It might be easier in those places if smoking weren't made to seem so glamorous on the silver screen—both in the ads and programs themselves.

One wonders what uproar might follow a proposal to eliminate religious television. Not much, I suspect. The tobacco industry takes its communication task more seriously than does the religion industry. It spends \$236 million in one year ballyhooing something that goes up in smoke; 11 million United Methodists need four years to raise \$20 million for purposes of reconciliation.

—David O. Poindexter



Would you like to become the hardy outdoor type? A handsome playboy? A glamour girl? A member of the jet set? If so, there's a cigarette—and a TV commercial—made just for you.

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

June 22, 6-6:30 p.m., EDT on CBS—Reruns from *21st Century*. *The Wild Cell* (concert). June 29—*Stranger Than Science Fiction*. July 6—*The First Ten Months* (Part I). The life of a baby before birth. July 13—*The First Ten Months* (Part II). July 20—*The Sleep Watchers*.

July 1, 9-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—*First Tuesday*.

July 3, 10-11 p.m., EDT on ABC—*Summer Focus: It Can Be Done*. First of a six-part series on the state of racial relations in America. This one focuses on Atlanta. July 7, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EDT—*Welfare*. An examination of this institution. July 13, 4-5 p.m., Are *Doors*

Opening? Job and business opportunities for the black American.

July 6, 1:30-2 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Frontiers of Faith* begins a four-part series titled *Is the Book Still Good?* hosted by Dr. Edward W. Bauman of Foundry United Methodist Church, Washington D.C. Program deals with new evidence of the relevance, authority, and integrity of the Bible. Guest is Dr. James Pritchard of the University of Pennsylvania. July 13—*New Translations* with Robert Brothier, translator for the American Bible Society. July 20—*Are Dreams Part of God's Language?* Guest is the Rev. John Sanford, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, San Diego, Calif

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

Papi—Alan Arkin is perfect as a Puerto Rican father in Harlem who wants to give his two sons a new life on the outside. He concocts a Moseslike plan to bring them into Miami as Cuban refugees. A moving tale that stretches credulity, but once again reveals Arkin as a superb character actor. Film suggests that public sympathy is quick to surround the individual, but is callous to man's suffering in the mass. (G rating.)

Goodbye Columbus—When Phillip Roth wrote his novella in 1959, college students were considered passive and self-centered. A decade later, this film version may be out of tune with rebellious youth but an target with its in-

sights into young love. Witty and sad, the story looks at a summer romance between two attractive but unsettled Jewish youngsters. Frank dialogue and situations limit audience to older teens and adults. (R rating.)

My Side of the Mountain—A 13-year-old boy camps alone in the Canadian wilds, fulfilling his desire to return to nature. Robert Radnitz's film is based on Jean George's book which is very popular among young teen-agers. In the tradition of his earlier films (*Island of the Blue Dolphins*, *And Now Miguel*), Radnitz respects nature without exploiting it. An important viewing experience for the entire family. (G rating.)

BOOKS

SHARING the happiest, saddest, and most crisis-laden moments of life with the people of his parish, the minister rejoices with us, tries to help us accept the unexplainable, sometimes cries out in pain and grief with us, and always prays with us and for us.

"I do not think prayer has necessarily given any packaged solutions, but it has given a sense of strength and renewal," writes Episcopal priest Robert Marshall Haven in *Look at Us, Lord* (Abingdon, \$4.95). This is a book of prayer poems he wrote as catharsis. And in the writing, "There came for me a sense of the beauty of the Lord I had never known before."

His prayers have been combined with photographer James R. Finney's black and white pictures to create a work of art. Designer Nancy R. Bozeman used text and pictures as equally essential layout elements, letting the lines of the text curve in or out, change form to follow the outlines of the pictures, appear superimposed on pictures, or stand starkly by themselves.

Look at Us, Lord is the kind of book that moves people in the graphic arts to say, "I wish I had done that." But that is not its purpose. What it was meant to do, and what it does elo-

quently, is to move all kinds of people to a deeper understanding of the human condition and the ministry of the church to it.

It "was so vast, so beautiful and overpowering that somehow man and all his problems seemed insignificant." One of the astronauts was speaking, and he voiced what all the men who have orbited the earth have felt. And I understood what he meant when I reached the last page of *Around the World* (Rand McNally, \$4.95). This book is a view from space through color pictures Gemini astronauts have taken in the course of many orbits at widely varying times of day and conditions of light.

Ira M. Mohler, whose fact-checking makes *TOGETHER*'s contents far more accurate than they would be otherwise, suggests that we take a few minutes on the Fourth—when the military parade has gone by and Old Glory has faded in the evening fireworks display—to ask ourselves if America has always had a martial spirit.

If you agree with one speaker in 1845 that our country has always looked upon wars as "an utter violation of Christianity," he says, turn to *Soldiers and Civilians: The*

Martial Spirit in America, 1775-1865. In it Marcus Cunliffe, a historian with an enjoyable writing style, examines the American military tradition, its growth, its champions and opponents, and its role in U.S. history. The book is informative, often illustrated, and while the Revolutionary and Civil War periods are carefully examined, it does not neglect the years between.

Ira points out, though, that since the publishers (Little, Brown) are offering it at \$12.50, readers who don't have a deep interest in the history of the period might prefer to borrow a copy from the library.

When he was a boy in Ohio, the late Arthur M. Schlesinger wondered why history books never told how people lived. When he died in 1965, the distinguished historian left the first draft of the manuscript of *The Birth of the Nation* (Knopf, \$7.95). It was intended to be the first part of a multivolume history of the American people that would correct that oversight.

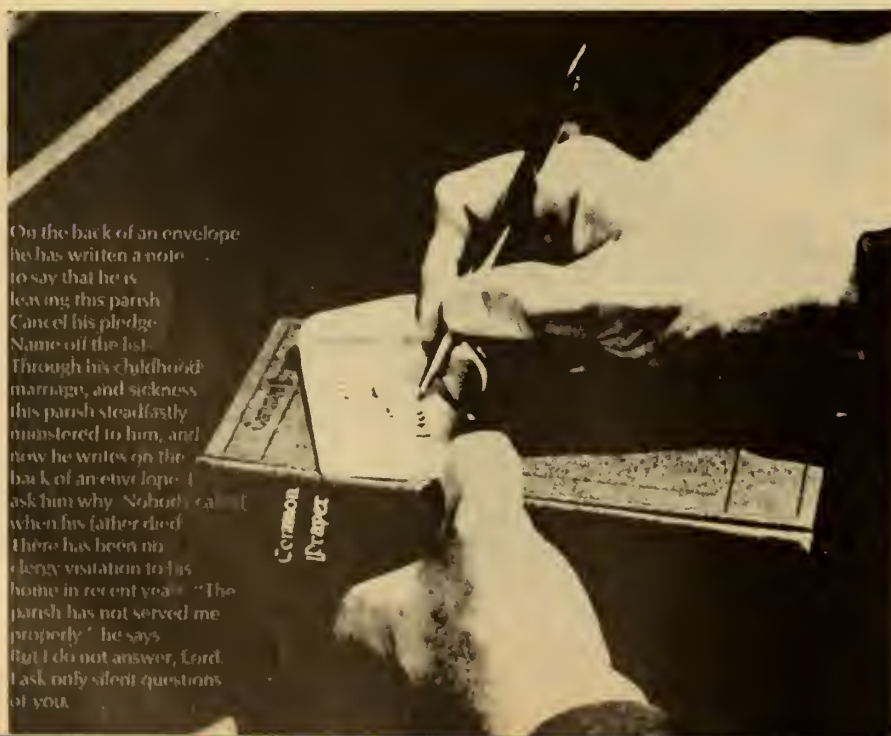
Not a history, but an essay on history, this book looks at our colonial ancestors through a soft-focus lens that minimizes their blemishes. We need books like this, written with love and secure in the faith that the purposes of America are good. This one reminds us that the American Revolution began in hope and concluded in democracy, where modern revolutions have begun in bitterness and concluded with authoritarianism.

In just seven years the United States will be 200 years old. What will it be like then?

Former U.S. Secretary of Interior Stewart L. Udall, a dedicated conservationist of people as well as natural resources, warns that it could be a country ruined by continuing racial schism, with a despoiled countryside, ungovernable cities locked in decay, and a population so large that the quality of life suffers.

All this, only seven years from now? It need not be so, Mr. Udall argues in *1976: Agenda for Tomorrow* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.75). With revamped priorities and

Heartbreaking moment for parishioner and priest. From Robert Marshall Haven's Look at Us, Lord, copyright © 1969 by Abingdon Press.



On the back of an envelope he has written a note to say that he is leaving this parish. Cancel his pledge. Name off the list. Through his childhood marriage, and sickness this parish steadfastly ministered to him, and now he writes on the back of an envelope: I ask him why. Nobody called when his father died. There has been no clergy visitation to his home in recent years. "The parish has not served me properly," he says. But I do not answer, Lord. I ask only silent questions of you.

political structures, and with a systematic response to social problems instead of piecemeal approaches, he believes we can meet the challenge and tells how.

Some militant black leaders have discouraged white liberals by telling them, in effect: "You want to really help us? Just give us what we need and stay out of our way. We'll do it ourselves."

More moderate Negro leaders are convinced it is necessary for white and Negro people to work together to end the Negroes' 400-year blockade from the rewards of American life. One of these is Henry Steeger, who was president of the National Urban League from 1960 to 1963.

He makes specific suggestions to individuals and organizations in **You Can Remake America** (Doubleday, \$5.95). Among activities he proposes for churches are the operation of day care centers for children of Negro women who must work away from home, and the sponsorship of housing units, new or renovated, to help break the housing logjam that cuts off Negro citizens from a decent lifestyle.

His book is positive, practical, and hopeful.

Underlying all the demands black students are making on the campus is their burning desire to have history rewritten to recognize the real and substantial contributions of Negro Americans.

Until very recently American history texts have brushed aside these contributions with a word or a hint if they were mentioned at all. Now publishers are making numerous efforts to fill the gap. One of these efforts has resulted in **Black History: A Reappraisal** (Doubleday, \$6.95), a thick volume that presents various interpretations of the Negro role in America's growth and life. It was edited by Melvin Drimmer, associate professor of history at Spelman College, Atlanta, who also wrote commentary and an introduction to set these interpretations in perspective.

An interesting result of interfaith co-operation is a recently published edition of John Wesley's **Letter to a Roman Catholic** (Abingdon, \$2.25). Printed many times since it was written in 1749, the letter's current publication is shared by Abingdon Press in this country and Geoffrey Chapman, Roman Catholic publisher, and Epworth House, British Methodist publisher, in London.

An Irish Jesuit priest, Michael



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Hurley, who is both journalist and theologian, got the idea for this edition while he was on his way back to Dublin from the World Methodist Conference in London in 1966. "I thought of making the *Letter* more readily available because it expresses so well the spirit and forms, the scope and limitations of ecumenical dialogue," he writes in an introduction to the edition. Prefaces also were written for the edition by Bishop Odd Hagen, president of the World Methodist Council, and the late Augustin Cardinal Bea, president of the Vatican Secretariat for Christian Unity.

William Manchester has written too long a book in *The Arms of Krupp* (Little, Brown, \$12.50), and it is at times bombastic, sentimental, and engrossed with trivia. Still it is an important study.

The Krupp family armed an expanding Germany, built an industrial empire stretching from the Urals to the Atlantic, and became an inextricable part of German history. How inextricable was painfully apparent following World War II when Alfred Krupp was tried at Nuremberg for war crimes that included operating 100 concentration camps from which Krupp industries drew slave labor.

Alfred was sentenced to 12 years in prison and confiscation of his property. But within five years after he was released he was once more in control of his fortune, and was the richest man in Europe. He is dead now, and what the war crimes tribunal did not accomplish Alfred's own son did. Interested only in life with the jet set, Arndt Krupp signed an "inheritance waiver" that gave him 2 million marks a year and put control of the family enterprises into other hands.

Anybody about to accept Marshall McLuhan's premise that the age of print is dead should have second thoughts after reading *Goodbye, Jehovah* (Walker, \$5.95). William Robert Miller's survey of the new directions Christianity is taking is, actually, one long book review.

In it, Miller considers the themes and influence of books and one magazine that, taken together, have opened the way to the renewal movement. These are *The Comfortable Pew*, *The Secular City*, *Situation Ethics*, *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?*, *The Gospel According to Peanuts*, *The Grass Roots Church*, *Renewal* magazine, *The Gospel of Christian Atheism*, and *Honest to God*, published in 1963, which set them all off. These books have had a tremendous impact upon both Christian and secular

society, and even if you have read them all, you will find Miller's assessment of their influence extremely interesting.

"Dr. Ginott says . . ." has become as familiar a preamble in households with young children as "Dr. Spock says . . ." Haim G. Ginott, who is a clinical psychologist and teaches at two universities, is the author of *Between Parent and Child*, a book that tells parents how to talk to their children. It attracted very little attention for a few months, then zoomed to the best-seller lists where it stayed for 60 weeks. It has been translated into French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish, Dutch, Greek, Japanese, and Hebrew. Dr. Ginott has become a regular guest on network television, and he writes a monthly column for a woman's magazine.

Now, with *Between Parent and Teenager* (Macmillan, \$5.95), he comes to the aid of parents whose children are in their teens. Suggesting solutions for many problems that are likely to arise during adolescence, this book recommends ways of discussion that are healing and constructive. "As parents, our need is to be needed," he says, "as teenagers, their need is not to need us. This conflict is real; we experience it daily as we help those we love become independent of us. This can be our finest hour. To let go when we want to hold on requires utmost generosity and love. Only parents are capable of such painful gestures."

"I believe a classroom can be compared to a cage in the zoo. There are about 30 individual species who are held in one cage for about an hour. During this hour, as in the zoo, there are visitors who come and peer through the window and try to see how many of the species they can get to smile or laugh."

When Deborah James left the suburban high school where she had taught psychology for 10 years to write a book, she remembered this observation in a written assignment one of her students had turned in. And it is from this that *The Taming:*

A Teacher Speaks (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95) takes its theme. This is an honest, compassionate, and provocative description of a typical American high school.

Educators talk learnedly about the importance of personhood, the necessity for self-esteem, but these are big concepts for little people. Two *Early Bird Books* with sturdy pages and spiral bindings translate them into under-four language and illustrate them with drawings that sparkle with the excitement of living and self-discovery.

Someone I Know (Random House, \$1.50), by Carol Madden Adorjan, is about a little girl who is probably about age two and the things she has learned to do. *Who's That in the Mirror?* (Random House, \$1.50) gives us two four-year-olds—a lively yellow-haired boy and a cuddly little black girl, both completely absorbed in discovering who they are in relation to the world around them. Polly Berrien Berends wrote the text.

From Aaron to Zoar, and through the full-color maps that follow, the *Young Readers Dictionary of the Bible* (Abingdon, \$5.95) is a remarkable storehouse of information that doesn't make the mistake of talking down to junior readers.

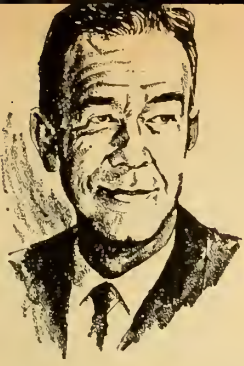
Prepared by an interdenominational committee headed by Carolyn Wolcott, it reflects the scholarship of *The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*, published by Abingdon in 1962. Generously illustrated, it offers over 1,000 scriptural references to steer young readers to deeper study, a time scale of biblical history, a chronological table on the kings of Israel, and 13 color maps.

As a family reference to go along with the Revised Standard Version of the Bible and the *Young Readers Bible*, it will be a much-used resource.

Every parent knows how hard it is to convince a small child that the barber isn't going to murder him, or that the dark of his bedroom doesn't hide a tiger. On the other hand, he will venture forth calmly into situations that have you biting your nails or screaming at him at the top of your voice.

Norah Smaridge gives you—and him—some help in *Scary Things* (Abingdon, \$3.25). This book, with lively drawings by Ruth Van Sciver, offers some commonsense distinctions between the dangerous and the non-dangerous. The language is for small folk just starting to school.

—Helen Johnson



Fiction

THERE IS a tendency to regard art as superficial, which I despise. It is an idea that the story is not important, only the effect of the way it is told. Or the movie is not significant, only the "art" effects that it gives you in different photographic angles. It is, in a word, an assumption that whether a book or a picture says anything important or interesting is secondary; its significance is in the technique of presentation.

I never like to read a book so supercharged with symbolism and esoteric meanings that I have difficulty in understanding the point of it. This is no doubt the Philistine point of view, but I would add that those who do go for this kind of thing usually disagree as to its ultimate meaning. I have been trying too long to put my ideas into simple language and simple construction so that the man with an eighth-grade education will understand what I am driving at as easily as does the Ph.D. I am too much the man of the Bible and a lucky fellow called to preach the gospel to follow any other route.

So I approached *LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE* by John Barth (*Doubleday*, \$4.95) with some suspicion when I found in small print on the cover the phrase "Fiction for print, tape, the live voice." Still I read it and the first part was not nearly so bad as I expected.

I have never quite escaped the feeling that fiction is to be read and that if it fails there, it fails everywhere. But Barth is such an honored name in my book that I read it through. It is, I suppose, a series of short stories with some linked together. Barth has such a tremendous gift of insight and of putting observations in a few deft phrases that his writing can never be without merit. If you read that strange, outlandish, wonderful *Giles Goat-Boy*, you will understand what I am saying.

Some of these stories have that same sharp quality but others seem hopelessly lost in the woods. If this man would forget about experimentation and write according to his own vision and inimitable style, he would have another fine book. But this volume is not it, and I wait hopefully for the next. I am optimistic enough to believe that "spring cannot be far behind."

After *The Rector of Justin* I became a fan of its author. So I turned with anticipation to *THE WORLD OF PROFIT* by Louis Auchincloss (*Houghton Mifflin*, \$5.95). This is the story of a family in New York society by the name of Shallcross. They get entangled with Jay Livingston, who is on the make and who knows how to make money.

While Sophie Shallcross is attracted to him, it is her sister, the beautiful and stylish Elly, who captures his complete devotion. Of course, Elly is already married but, times being what they are, this does not bother anybody too much. The father of the family, Judge Shallcross, is an

embittered old man because he was not appointed to the Supreme Court. Many people flit back and forth across the scene without purpose or dignity or character. Once in a while your heart goes out to one of them, but for the most part, none seems involved in anything significant, and they grow boring and cheap.

The theory is that a good writer can take any subject and make it literature. I subscribe to the theory, but when you haven't much to work with in the people you are writing about, it takes more genius than even Louis Auchincloss can muster to produce something really important. Somewhere along the way you need intimations of greatness and that seems curiously lacking here.

So, as in the case of John Barth, I have written this off as something the novelist apparently had to get off his mind. Now let's get back to something like *The Rector of Justin*. I am ashamed to be so moralistic and judgmental. Next time I will try to be more modern.

Finally, I came to *THE CONFESSIONAL* by Georges Simenon (*Harcourt, Brace & World*, \$4.50). Oftentimes on the dust jacket of a book by Simenon, they put the author's name larger than the title. The important thing is not the title of the book but his name.

Simenon has been known to many of us through his detective Maigret. But whether he is writing a detective story or not, he is always probing deep into the characters involved, thus bringing the reader face to face with human motivation and human action. This book is no exception.

This is a story of adolescent love. Andre Bar, the leading character, should be a very happy and satisfied youngster for he lives in luxurious surroundings on the Cote d'Azur. He is bright and enjoys school but, being a very intelligent boy and sensitive to his surroundings, realizes that something is wrong between his parents. From time to time each parent tries to win his sympathy and support. He bears their burdens upon his shoulders.

The girl, Francine, lives in a very happy home where everybody shares everything with everybody else. This is so different from Andre's experience that he finds it hard to understand her. A real crisis comes into his life when he observes his mother leaving a place notorious for renting rooms to people who are having an affair. She doesn't see him.

It is strange that when you try to analyze the book you find nothing much in it except this conflict of the boy which affects his whole life. There is nothing and yet there is everything. When you read the books of Simenon, you learn to expect this and let that simple flat style open up the secrets of what is going on in the minds of the people involved. Simenon, to me, is one of those studious preachers who is always worth listening to but will not speak to you unless you give him your full attention.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop Los Angeles Area
The United Methodist Church

The Finger Man

By ANNA TUNSTALL

IF ANYONE had told me that Two-Spot Goode was responsible for even one of those "Go To Church" ads, I would have said, "You and I just couldn't be talking about the same person!"

When I first met Two-Spot in the late 1930s, he was—there is no kinder way to put it—a bum, a hobo, a derelict. He was one of the last knights of the road who came to our house toward the end of the Great Depression.

I was 16 at the time, certain that my mother was naive, and equally sure that Father was much too tolerant of her gullibility. At 16, you know everything.

Our home, it seemed, had become the Kaaba which inspired pilgrimages by every hobo in the USA. As a small child, I was fascinated when I heard that hoboes had a club and a secret mark which they placed on a "hand-out house," thus enabling their wandering brethren to sup free as they passed through town.

My practical father set me right. "They do meet," he said. "They even print a newspaper. But they do not leave any marks—they just swap the addresses of soft touches they find." He looked at Mother and grinned when he said that.

As the country's economy improved, the parade of tramps to our house thinned out. Finally came Two-Spot. And he offended my 16-year-old sensibilities more than all the others put together. He was so transparent; his limp so practiced.

But Mother hung on every word of his tale of woe. He had to be in Washington, D.C., by the next morning, he said. His son was ill, not expected to live. He had nowhere to spend the night and no money for bus fare.

"Have you tried the Salvation Army?" I asked impatiently.

"Yes'm," he answered. "They turned me down."

I triumphantly turned to Mother. Even *she* would know that could not be true. The Salvation Army furnished cots to anyone who asked. But she stared at me levelly, and I knew I had better drop my attack.

As he ate—fried chicken, fresh green beans, buttered corn, tomato and lettuce salad, hot biscuits, coffee, and apple pie—Mother brought in her unfinished painting job, a big, white placard with "Go To Church" on it in beautiful old English lettering. It was to go over the door of the small neighborhood store which my father operated. (It was her idea.)

While she worked on it, she said, "Mr. Two-Spot, I'll make you a bargain."

He looked up from his fried chicken, wondering.

"Promise me," she said, "that no matter where you are, you'll go to church next Sunday. If you will, I'll give you the bus fare to Washington."

I was furious at the look on his face. I could see him thinking, "What a sucker she is!"

"Sure," he said. "Yes, Ma'am, I'll do that."

So she packed him a big lunch, gave him the money, and sent him on his way.

THEN WE started cleaning. It was my job to scald the dishes the hoboes used, while Mother scrubbed every inch of the chair in which they had sat and everything else they might have touched.

"Why do we let them in," I asked

resentfully, "if you're so afraid they'll give us some disease?"

"They've got to know that someone cares," she said. "When they reject life, they often reject everything connected with it—even bathing."

Seething over what I considered an injustice, I snapped: "I ask for a measly pair of tennis shoes, and you say no. Then you give that bum enough money to buy three pairs!"

"You didn't need tennis shoes nearly as much as he needs to go to church," she answered calmly.

She really believed he would go! Smoldering, I gave up and went to my room. Adults, I decided, could be stupid.

TWO DAYS later I saw Two-Spot on Broad Street. Not a sign of a limp. I could hardly wait to tell Mother. Her reaction made me reel. "I hope he's not hungry," she said imperturbably. So she had known all along! I'll never understand her, I remember thinking, if I live to be 200!

"But why do we keep doing favors for them when they're such liars?" I demanded. "They're so ungrateful!"

"What difference does that make?" she asked. "We deserve no credit for helping; we get a lot more good out of it than they do."

When you are 16, a philosophy like that can be baffling. It took nearly five years to register with me. That was when Two-Spot came back. And I was at Mother's when he did.

At first we did not recognize him, but after he had introduced himself, he confessed: "I didn't have no son in Washington that day. And I didn't have no intention of goin' to church when you asked me to. I had never been inside a church in my life, and I didn't know how to act." He searched Mother's face; her expression was bland.

"A few days later, when the money you gave me was gone," Two-Spot went on, "I went to hop a freight headed for New York. I didn't see no engine on that train, so I started crawlin' under to get to the open side of a car." He paused and swallowed hard.

"But it had an engine all right, all right. All of a sudden the car jerked and started rollin', and them steel wheels missed my legs by a smidgen

of an inch. I was shakin' so I just sat there on the ground and let that ol' train roll right on past. Then I headed back to town to get me some coffee to see if I could stop the shakes. I went into a diner, and there, right smack-dab in the middle of the menu cards on the wall, was one of your signs."

"The 'Go To Church' signs?" Mother asked. "In Dave's Diner?"

"Yes," Two-Spot nodded. "I don't never remember feelin' so bad," he said. "I woulda kept my promise to you the very next Sunday, but I was scared. I went to New York a few days later, and I kept tryin' to forget what you had asked." His grin was apologetic. "Sometimes I could; sometimes I couldn't. Mostly I couldn't 'cause as the years went by, them 'Go To Church' signs started poppin' up everywhere."

"'Go to church next Sunday,' the billboards said. So did the radio when I went in the saloons. One day I picked up a piece of paper to put in my shoe. It was a church bulletin." His blue eyes looked gentle and apologetic again. "I don't know why, but it made me mad, and I just stuffed it in my shoe anyway."

TWO-SPOT drew a deep breath, then went on: "One night I picked up a deck of them trick-playing cards from a friend. What I planned to do was get my Chinatown friends into a red-hot poker game, win all their money, then tell 'em the joke, and give 'em their money back."

He shook his head. "But there was this new guy sittin' in. The more I won, the meaner he got. I wanted to spill it all 'cause I knew the others'd get a big kick out of it. But this new bruiser looked like he might have an anxious razor in every pocket, and I figured he would slit my throat first and ask for character references later."

I smiled at the way he expressed himself.

"Finally," Two-Spot continued, "I told the bunch I was sick, and my voice just croaked, I was so scared." He looked down, like a bashful puppy, but determined. "I was staggerin' sick with shame," he said. "I stopped in an alley and burnt them cards, one by one. Then, I don't know why, but I crossed the street, and there right in front of me in

China Sam's window was another of them posters!

"I started runnin', and I saw a crowd of tourists goin' into the little Chinatown church," he said. "I was so glad I almost cried. I was goin' in anyway by myself, but I figured I could mix with them and not be so conspicuous."

A GAIN I had to control a smile; Mother's face remained serene.

"It was funny though," he shook his head, puzzled. "Them tourists kept right on a-talkin' and a-laughin' while them people was on their knees prayin'. It didn't seem right."

My mouth sagged open. I looked at Mother and said with my eyes: And I called him a bum!

"Anyhow," he said, "I gave the money to the church, dumped it all into that big gold plate. And after that the preacher talked to me and he got me a job keepin' another church clean. I'm still doin' it."

Two-Spot stood up, and I saw a dignity in his old face that either had not been there before or simply had not been apparent to my skeptical eyes.

"I been intendin' to come back for a long time," he said, "and thank you for what you did." He seemed undecided for a moment, then plunged on. "I run a 'Go To Church' ad in one of the biggest newspapers in New York every day. Nothin' has ever made me feel so glad. If I can do for just one person what you did for me. . ."

"But I didn't do anything," Mother began to protest.

Two-Spot interrupted. "I know who's responsible," he said, pointing upward. "He is. But," he smiled gently, "you're the finger man." □

Jottings

Well, here we are, heading into the heat of summer—and a little matter comes along concerning our *Christmas Around the World* pictorial in the December, 1968, issue.

A number of readers have requested information on Senhor Benedito and the Nativity figurines he fashions in the kitchen of his home near Sao Paulo, Brazil. For them and others who might be interested, we are happy to report that arrangements have been made by the photographer, Gary Zumwalt, so TOGETHER readers can obtain them. Orders should be addressed to Miss Elenice Monteiro Leite, Caixa Postal 2009, Sao Paulo, S.P., Brazil. Miss Leite, who is from Senhor Benedito's hometown, will act as intermediary, since he does not speak English. Cost of an unpainted set of 10 figures is \$10, that of a painted set \$15, paid in advance. This includes postage (surface mail),

and delivery can be expected in about three months. Airmail postage would add about \$10 to each set.

Harking back to Christmas (while the green grass grows all around) inevitably brings to mind the unbelievable TV space spectacular all of us witnessed during the Yuletide season. And, of course,



Senhar Benedita at work.

the moving words from Genesis read by the Apollo crewmen as they circled the moon.

This event stirred in our memory the words of the early Russian cosmonaut who returned to earth declaring that he had failed to find God in outer space—as if anyone had really expected his ship to become entangled in the beard of the Almighty!

Anyway, the late C. S. Lewis, Oxford don, Christian theologian, and writer of such science-fiction novels as *Out of the Silent Planet* and *Perelandra*, reacted with customary vigor. His answer to the rather silly statement by the Russian appeared soon in *Show* magazine as *Onward, Christian Spacemen*, which we are reprinting on pages 23-27. It stands the test of time well (6 1/2 years have gone by since its original publication) in a world moving so fast that spacemen may have even more memorable accomplishments behind them before this issue of TOGETHER reaches the post office.

From time to time we have mentioned the tremendous amount of poetry that flows across our desk every month. And we have lamented the fact that we couldn't

possibly find space to print 1 percent of the really good poetry submitted—not to mention the great amount that isn't very good.

However, we thought we would mention a book of poetry sent to us recently by Glenn Wintermute of Phoenix, Ariz. The booklet, which sells for 50¢, contains some 30 poems written by the high-school age young people of Trinity United Methodist Church, 3104 W. Glendale Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85021.

"Several weeks ago," Mr. Wintermute writes, "we studied some contemporary poems for pleasure and meaning. The poetry bug bit the class and this booklet of original poems resulted."

"The class project was not only much fun, but also profitable . . . The money was donated to the missionary program of the church."

Nancy Garber, author of *Overheard* [page 35], tells us about the day she met her young son's new teacher, "a pretty girl, just out of college, with a smooth face, nice figure, young hands."

Her son said: "She's just like you, Mom."

"Oh?" I said, smoothing my hair, waiting for him to say how young and pretty I was, too.

"She's a real sport, Mom. She puts on her jeans and plays second base every day at recess, just like you do in the afternoon. I think she's swell."

Mrs. Garber adds: "When I thought that over, much later, I decided it was a compliment, and I'd better appreciate it."

"I do."

—Your Editors

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GRASS

I'm the blanket under which the earth snuggles.
I'm the sponge that absorbs the rain, preventing the hills from
washing away.
I'm the pasture that feeds the birds and animals.
I'm the house that holds the family together.
I'm the lawn for the church coffee hour.
I'm the lounge upon which children picnic and play.

I'm the soft cushion that silences the steps of the warrior as
he stalks to kill his brother man.
I'm grasped in the grip of death as I serve as the last blade of
hope and comfort to the patriot as he breathes his final
breath of existence.
I'm gently bowing in support of the feet of the Christian soldier
and a Buddhist mother and child, when abruptly we are
seared by the fiery flames of the flamethrower; then
fused in a silent embrace of agony and death.
I'm the stretcher which supports the wounded, the maimed, the dying.
I'm the cover that shrouds the ugliness and futility of death.
I'm the veil that covers the face of the world.

I flutter and ripple when touched by the tender force of the
soft, gentle breeze.
I grace the flowers in the field.
I carpet a formal garden arrayed in majestic grandeur.
I insulate baby rabbits and nourish the beautiful butterfly.

I'm refuge for the innocent, solace for the rejected, and
inspiration for the broken heart.
I'm the bed for the homeless.
I'm the nest that cradles the baby bird.

I'm absent from the ghettos of poverty and human suffering.
I'm not present where riots occur.

My existence is to serve the living who trample my face,
carving destructive paths of hostility and radiant
ribbons of hope and peace.
I am the grass.

—Russell O. Litchfield

It shall be
together's Ministry
to



- * *Communicate* to United Methodist families the significant news, trends, opinions, and activities found within their church.



- * *Challenge* laymen with the mission of the Church and with deeper understandings of the Christian faith and its application in today's world.



- * Stress the *Commonality* that binds us together as a community of faith.



- * Inspire *Commitment* to Christ and the Church.

TOGETHER, United Methodism's family magazine, is available through your church agent at the reduced rate of \$3 a year. Help the TOGETHER '69 campaign by subscribing or renewing and encouraging, at least one fellow churchman, to join you in this.

Together

a general magazine informative and vital to the religious life of all United Methodists

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BISHOP

Prince A. Taylor, Jr.

EDITOR

The Rev. Paul N. Jewett, 26-28 Main St.,
Kingston, N.J. 08528

VOLUME 13, NUMBER 7

SUPPLEMENT TO TOGETHER

JULY, 1969

Area Will Honor First Preachers to America

MINUTES

OF SOME LATE

CONVERSATIONS,

BETWEEN

The Rev. Mr. WESLEY, and Others.



LEEDS:

Printed by JAMES BOWLING, on the Bridge.

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Q. 12. What is reserved for contingent Expenses?

A. Nothing.

Q. 13. We have a pressing Call from our Brethren at New-York, (who have built a Preaching-House) to come over and hep them. Who is willing to go?

A. Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmore.

Q. 14. What can we do further in Token of our Brotherly Love.

A. Let us now make a Collection among ourselves. This was immediately done, and out of it Fifty Pounds were allotted towards the Payment of their Debt, and about Twenty Pounds given to our Brethren for their Passage.

Q. 15. What is the whole Debt remaining?

A. Between Five and Six Thousand Pounds.

Q. 16.

Bicentennial Next Fall

The New Jersey Area will welcome historians from throughout the Northeast—and perhaps the nation—next October, as it hosts the Pilmore-Boardman Bicentennial—"200 Years of Methodist Preachers in America."

There was lay preaching and evangelical witness before 1769. But in that year, at Leeds, England, two ministers—Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmore (also Pilmore)—volunteered to come, especially to assist John Street Church, in New York.

As the secretary recorded it, their appointment was simply "America."

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., has hailed the event as symbolic of the spirit badly needed today—a willingness to go where the need is. He will interpret the occasion as he dedicates, on October 25 at Gloucester Point, a monument marking the spot where Pilmore and Boardman landed after a stormy, nine-weeks' voyage.

The night before, at Holly House in Pennsauken, up to 1,200 United Methodists will gather for a banquet, to hear an address by Dr. Frank B. Stanger, and witness a dramatization of the Leeds and Gloucester scenes of 1769.

Originally urged by the historical societies of both conferences, the bicentennial is now officially an area observance, with other bishops and conferences glad to join in, and a strong committee of area leaders planning the observance in detail.

The Rev. F. Elwood Perkins of Trinity Church, Merchantville, is chairman of the executive committee. Superintendents Albert Lang and John McElroy represent the cabinets. The Rev. J. Hillman Coffee is vice-chairman and treasurer.

YOU SAID IT!

"Numbers are no virtue. We seek a membership that is committed. Hopefully, it will be a large membership of committed people. But the criterion is commitment, not size."

—The Rev. Robert J. Beyer

"Money is not 'filthy lucre.' It is stored up human power."

—The Rev. Robert D. Simpson

"If the church is only a country club with a steeple, to gather more members will only enlarge the country club."

—Dr. Ralph M. Holdeman

"Public relations at its best is a Christian saying a good word for his church to his neighbor over his fence."

—The Rev. George S. Geyer

RESERVATIONS: BICENTENNIAL BANQUET. Notices, with forms for reservations, will go out to all pastors and representative laity in October. But save the date now. It's October 24.



Bicentennial planning involves laymen, WSCS conference leaders, and clergy from New York and Philadelphia, besides N.J.



General Chairman Perkins shows Leeds records to Historical Society heads Robert B. Steelman, I., SNJ; Paul E. Spiecker, r., NNJ.

Paterson: Missed One Glory, Looks for Another

But 'Silk City' Not in Sackcloth



Dr. Brasher

City fathers and land developers looked over the plans submitted by French engineer Maj. Charles Pierre L'Enfant. "Too big for Paterson," said one. "Too expensive," said another. So he rolled up his papers, bid an elaborate adieu, and

went farther south, on the Potomac. They bought the same plans—and used them to build Washington, D.C.

Settled by the Dutch in 1678, named for Gov. William Paterson, and the natural result of 20 iron mines to the north and both water power and transport available via the Passaic River, Paterson flourished as an industrial town, even acquiring a pretty flossy title: the Silk City.

Gen. George Washington so respected a young officer's urging as a safeguard to freedom the fostering of industry, that he eventually named him secretary of the treasury, and businessmen so agreed with Alexander Hamilton that they incorporated a "Society of Useful Manufacturers."

Among the results: coal from Pennsylvania by way of the Morris Canal, locomotives, fire-engines, rolled paper, snowplows, silk, and woolens. Paterson was tops in all. John P. Holland even used the Passaic to try out the first practical submarine. And Samuel Colt drew a bead on the scene with his invention—the Colt revolver.

Immigrant trains rolled in every night. In a bitter strike among 25,000 silk workers, several were killed. A dozen years earlier, as if presaging the city's torment, a tornado and floods had racked Paterson and fire destroyed 456 buildings.

Ethnic changes in its population—now 143,000—and its predominantly industrial base make Paterson subject to every shift in the national economy and racial and political struggles.



Municipal Court and Police Station. Some have called it the "Pentagon—North."



Passaic County Courthouse is on "Colt's Hill" in center of city, as the capitol is at the heart of the District of Columbia.

They may have missed the master plan that created the nation's capitol, but some Patersonians still hope for a Master Plan able to create a decent society on the shores of either the Potomac or the Passaic.



Lamar Cope, recent pastor at Wesley, greets departing parishioners on Mother's Day.



Who's to blame when UN-cleanliness is next to godliness? And which one has to move?

Church Cut-backs Continue

In his third year as district superintendent, the Rev. Julius L. Brasher confronts in Paterson a crisis equal to that in almost any district in Methodism.

The "mother church," Market St. (182) flourished, ministering to 14 different nationalities—and is gone.

Of three other early congregations, on Paterson Ave. (1866) remains. Grace (1868) a victim of "urban removal," located in Wycoff, sends volunteers to the city and provides a ministry to addicts.

Embury (1869) has an integrated Sunday school. Westside (1873) is showing gains. Christ (1881) and Calvary (1884) finally succumbed, despite their aid in launching the Paterson Ecumenical Preschool.

Trinity (1888) began out of Market St. has a vigorous Spanish-speaking membership and may soon be housed in its own Eastside building. Epworth (1891) includes the former Christ EUB, and growing some.

Wesley (1891) has been termed the "Methodist Cathedral of Paterson," has been host to Trinity and sponsor of after noon clubs for black children. Madise Park (1895) was Methodist Protestant and has asked to become a full-time appointment again.

The Saviour (1906) has a steady membership of predominantly Italian ancestry.



In Wesley's social hall, Mother's Day meal, Spanish program, American refreshments.



Ecumenical Preschool was Meth.-launched

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A Young Methodist Looks for *Reality in Worship*

EDITOR'S NOTE: In order to broaden her own personal faith and understand the worship of others, Karen Ya Deau, music scholarship student at Baldwin-Wallace College (Berca, Ohio), visited in that community 10 different churches in as many weeks. Following are her reflections as reported in the parish paper of her Leonia, NNJ, home church.

One main factor continually played an important role in the formation of my impression of the churches—that was the atmosphere, the mood which could cause a service to be an inspiring (or dull) experience. Coupled with this was the apparent attitude of the congregation. I do not mean "attitude" in the sense of the church's beauty, size, or material wealth; rather that atmosphere which provides each individual the opportunity to communicate with God.

Just entering a little-known, small, struggling mission church down the road (a tiny building with a horrendous piano for the organ), I was immediately swept up in the contagious love for God. I found myself joining them in living my Christian witness. This was certainly a far cry from the intense feeling of "nothing" surrounded by noninspiration and disillusionment I had experienced in a certain comparatively large, prominent suburban church.

To make a broad generalization, where the church was treated as the sanctuary, the Holy House of God; where God was revered as The Supreme Being, the "loving Father who is also that Mystical Being we constantly seek to know more about"; where the service of worship to that God was sacred and taken seriously by the congregation—there it was evident just how much religion meant. There the service could prove to be a source of guidance and inspiration to the troubled.

On the other hand, those churches which fell into my "uninspiring" category were those so sophisticated and mechanical as to be above the heads of many worshipers, so unrealistic as to be boring . . . or the "three-ring circus" type, so lax that people felt free to whisper when they could be meditating, and those who would have liked to meditate couldn't because of disturbance. There reverence was not the prevailing atmosphere . . . the impression I got was one of mass apathy.

Maybe I have missed the whole point. Maybe constant saturation of Viet Nam and other issues which directly affect my personal life and relationship to others should psych me up to be a better Christian—despite the atmosphere.

Maybe I'm not supposed to be inspired—maybe I'm supposed to sit and be part of the three-ring circus and receive my inspiration by osmosis.

Maybe I should stay home and worship God in my own way, if I'm not too busy. After all, the service is a vehicle for public worship of God and it's what I feel inside that counts. Maybe I'm the only one who gets disillusioned. Maybe this is merely my opinion.

Or is It?

KAREN YA DEAU

SEEING DOUBLE



Clifton Methodists Catherine Chester and her father, Cleon Chester, won the Look-Alike Contest at Centenary College for Women, Hackettstown. The Intersorority Council sponsored the Dads' Day event.

Silver Bay Conf. Moves to Pa.

The Eastern Ecumenical Mission Conference, formerly known as the Silver Bay Conference on Christian Mission, is moving to Albright College, Reading, Pa.

Two sessions, July 7 to 11 and July 11 to 13, offer an excellent faculty including Kirkridge Retreat Center Director John O. Nelson, church renewal author Dr. Wallace Fisher, and Rutgers Law Dean Wilard Heckel.

Economy appears to be an appeal: registration is \$10 (five days) or \$5 (week-end); lodging \$3 per night and meals \$4.50 per day. Miss Joyce Clark, Room 772 at 475 Riverside Dr., N.Y. 10027, is accepting registrations. (Yes, you can still visit Silver Bay as a vacationer.)

North Jersey WSCS Honors 200; SNJ Women Visit 23 Projects



At Spring Tea in Morrow Memorial, Maplewood, more than \$5,000 was received to honor 200 new "Special Members" of the WSCS, all given by local societies. Special special was 100-year-old Mrs. William Anderson, above, center, of Maplewood, con-

gratulated by Dover friends Mrs. Floyd Jackson, l., and Mrs. Harold Euston, r. A few days later at Haddonfield, mission was the mood as 500 SNJ Society and Service-Guilders scattered all over Camden to give 23 programs a look-see. Leaving the driving

to us, above, are l. to r.: Mrs. L. Burdelle Hawk, Mrs. Charles Hemsley, and Mrs. J. Swain Houtain. At State St. nursery, above right, the motion is tabled when community worker Mrs. Margaret Bryant, l., and teacher Wilbert Mitchell, r., are in charge.



Mr. Davis



Miss Eggleston



Tim McLaughlin



Mr. Byler

Outstanding Americans Foundation, a Jaycee program, has named to its list of outstanding young men, Lt. Cmdr. John E. Swap, Viet Nam marine, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Swap of Midland Park.

West Grove Church, Neptune, has given a big "Well Done!" to three church school teachers with 30-year records: Emma Hall, Alberta Moore, and Evelyn Reynolds.

New member of the Southern New Jersey Conference cabinet, replacing the Rev. Robert E. Acheson, now a program counselor, is the Rev. Hooker D. Davis, pastor at Broadway, urban coordinator, and onetime district superintendent in the Delaware Conference.

Centenary College art instructor, Dr. James Gwynne, had his oil painting *At Night* selected for display among *Art From New Jersey, 1969*, at the state museum in Trenton last month.

The Rev. Robin E. Van Cleef found himself in *jeopardy*, the TV skull-thumper, and won \$2.50, \$2,500, or \$2,500,000—we forget which. (Right, ole buddy?)

Haddonfield feted Miss Elisabeth D. Eggleston, director of education, retiring in August, and the Rev. Albert L. Banse, minister of visitation, retiring in June. Address at testimonial was by former Haddonfielder (now a Plainfielder) the Rev. W. Gordon Lowden.

Union-Mercerville's Brent Davis got called to Washington as one of four cited for his ideas on home landscaping, a program of 4-H Clubs and the Department of Agriculture.

Princeton layman, Dr. W. Donald Rugg, Opinion Research vice-president, received from his alma mater, Cornell College (the one in Iowa), an Alumni Achievement Award.

Valedictorian at Madison High School was transfer student from Sparta, Timothy J. McLaughlin, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Edward S. McLaughlin, conference treasurer.

Other Spartan Methodists: John "Juddy" Horan, student council president, and Dan DeYoung, treasurer.

Speaker at the NE District Laymen's Banquet, was Ulysses Estilow, Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and former EUB delegate to World Council of Churches.

New associate treasurer of the Board of Missions and its \$22 million budget is Tenaflay layman, Delmar R. Byler. Maybe he'll have help from Wycoff's finance secretary and former banker, Lanning Abramson, a program analyst for the board, and a whiz on the new IBM No. 360 computer.

The Rev. Charles Marker, Moorestown's magnificent marathoner, got into this year's "Boston Strangler" along with 1,151 other runners, finished 467th after three hours, 41 minutes, and (puff-puff) seven seconds, or nearly an hour faster than his 26-mile run last year.

Digging the Garden State



Bishop Bunton



Pennington

Speaker at Pennington school's baccalaureate, May 31, was Christian Methodist Episcopal Bishop Henry C. Bunton, of Washington, D.C. Philadelphian president of the Rohm and Haas Co., Dr. F. Otto Haas, addressed the commencement crowd at the school's 131st graduation ceremonies.

The Rev. and Mrs. Howard Remaly, NNJ, helped a "released-time" class dramatize Bible stories on tape, now are asking who will make colored slides to go with these.

Westfield not only sends a minister into Newark's Trinity, but has some of that church's members as participants in its Urban Ministry Council.

How It Crumbles in . . .

Parish paper makes a correction in *First Church's Cook Book*: Page D-12, Margaret Beehler's Magic Cookie Bars—add 1 cup graham cracker crumbs. (So THAT'S what they needed!)

While we're in the mood: What's the Jolly Wake-Up Service Sunday mornings at Hurffville?

A North Jersey bulletin urged church folk to attend a program featuring the new film, *These Four CRAZY Walls*.

A church paper thanks "Mrs. —" for the fine job she has done in the PASS in providing us greeters for our services."

At Bergen Highlands Pastor Matt Labriola commends the church's new motto: "Ten handshakes before you reach the door!"

Trinity, Merchantville, children called their school of missions project to gather toys, crayons, etc., for W. Jersey Hospital children a "fun-mobile."

ANNEX TO NEWSMAKERS

Notemakers

At St. John's, Turnersville, Carl Chance and David Rachor made the Mid-East All-Star High School and Clinic Band. . . . Karen Gates of Central, Bridgeton, was chosen to sing an aria in the All-State Operatic Festival. . . . Judith Devonald of the same church won first place for a painting she submitted in the New Jersey Fine Arts Contest.

Kenilworth MYFers collected 17,700 pounds of paper to earn \$106.20. Service-wise, they visit shut-ins of a Sunday evening, read and sing to them, accompanied by one Howard Johnston and his accordion.



Attention at SNJ Annual Conference Thursday evening perked up noticeably when the Student Nurses' Chorus from Methodist Hospital of Philadelphia sang a few numbers.

